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VOL. XXIV BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. AUGUST 31, 1893. NO 34

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, August 28, 1893.

The all-absorbing silver fight has now been transferred to the Senate, the House having passed the Wilson bill for the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the silver law, as it has been plain for a week that it would do. The Wilson bill now goes to the Senate where it will be referred to the Finance committee, to be heard from again. The reason why this bill will be sheved by the Senate committee is that the majority of Senators who favor unconditional repeal prefer the Vorhees bill for the same purpose, with its tail-piece declaring it to be the policy of the Government to maintain a bimetallic currency. As a matter of fact this declaration carries no weight without additional legislation, but it implies that there will be future legislation and that implication is relied upon to gain the votes of Senators who would otherwise not vote for unconditional repeal. Whether this will prove to be true only time can tell.

There are many rumors of defections among the Southern free-coinage Senators, and the claim is boldly being made that a number of them will, after making free coinage speeches, vote for unconditional repeal. Senators Call and Pasco, of Florida, are said to have made positive promises to that effect. So confident are the administration Senators that they can get enough votes from the South to pass the bill, if they can only get to a vote, that a proposition has been made to republican Senators to try to get them to use their influence with the republican Senators who favor free coinage, not to vote for unconditional repeal, but merely to agree to allow a vote be taken. It was stated to them that if they would secure that agreement the democratic Senators would agree that the tariff should not be disturbed at this session of Congress. The proposition was declined. In making that proposition the administration men showed that they realizethe difficulty in getting the bill through the Senate, even if they can get the promise of the votes of a majority of the Senators. Under the present rules of the Senate, which will not be changed, twenty Senators can if so disposed, stave off indefinitely the taking of a vote on the bill, and that more than that number are at present so disposed there can be no doubt. The outcome of this matter depends upon whether the men who now stand for free coinage or nothing can be persuaded or coerced into allowing a vote to be taken. Mr. Cleveland will return to Washington this week for the purpose of adding his personal influence to those already being brought to bear on the Southern Senators, to vote repeal.

Here is one good piece of news, that ought to please every man interested in the welfare of the country. There will be no wild-cat money authorized at this session of congress, the House committee on Banking and Currency having a majority against the bill for the repeal on the tax on State bank currency. Whether knowingly or not does not matter, but Speaker Crisp certainly did the country a great service when he made up that committee by selecting a majority opposed to wild-cat money.

One of the best as well as one of the most conservative of the speeches made in the House during the silver debate was that delivered by ex-Speaker Reed on Saturday. He was at his best and was warmly congratulated at the close of his speech by democrats as by republicans.

The new rules of the House are much better than those used by the last house, but are not as good as the much abused Reed rules which they follow to a certain extent.

The number of democratic Congressmen who do not agree with the administration in its treatment of pensioners is increasing, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say that the number of those who have the courage to express their opinion is growing larger. The latest case is that of General Dan Sickles, who represents one of the New York city districts, the nomination having been given him by Tammany to prevent his bolting the Cleveland ticket. In a speech on the silver question General Sickles advocated as one of the methods of temporarily relieving the money stringency that pension claims due October 1, be paid at once. He said in that connection: "Why not pay out now to this large mass of public creditors distributed all over the country—men and woman and children who have the most touching claims upon public gratitude—$30,000,000, in small bills and silver? The money will go where it will do the most good; among the brave men who do not hoard their pittance from distrust of the Government they saved, and who are to-day feeble and infirm, and unable to find employment to earn a living." Good as this suggestion is, there is little or no probability of it being adopted. The administration that pays out pension money grudgingly after it is due will not be likely to anticipate the payment of a dollar of it.

PENSION EVERY UNION SOLDIER.

The ruling of Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, Secretary of the Interior, agreeable to and in accordance with the will and wishes of Grover Cleveland, with regard to the disabilities which should entitle a Union veteran to receive a pension from the Government, has in a manner forced many of the most conservative citizens of the country, who are grateful, appreciative and loyal, to the conclusion that the only way to obviate the infliction of injustice and wrong upon worthy and deserving veterans, was and is to enact such pension laws as preclude the exercise of discretion upon the part of a possible enemy of the veterans in the shape of a vindictive Secretary of the Interior.

The existing law with regard to the disabled veterans is simply made a nullity by the construction placed upon it by Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior. Unless a man be blind, dumb, deaf and paralyzed, therefore totally helpless, according to Smith's construction, he is not incapacitated for labor, and is therefore not entitled to receive any benefit under the Act of Congress.

Of course, Congress never intended that the Act should be so construed, but, nevertheless, what is the poor pensioner, no matter how worthy, to do about it?

The Southern sympathizing Secretary Hoke Smith, of Georgia, has taken advantage of a loop-hole left in the law by the legislators, and claims to be exercising a discretion as to what shall be construed as incapacitating a man for labor.

The result is just the opposite to that expected by the Cleveland Administration it has created a sentiment which is growing daily among the loyal people of the Union, that the only way to prevent a blot upon our record as a decent and honorable Nation, who remembered the services of those who preserved our national integrity, is to enact such laws as will enable any Union soldier, with an honorable record, who served the National Government during the rebellion, to obtain on application with proper proofs, a pension. Such a law would effectually close the door against the invading spirt of revenge which has entered the administration of our national affairs. The necessity for such legislation is felt the more keenly, because of the perfectly apparent attempt of the present Southern Secretary of the Interior to "get even" with the few old survivors of the armies of the Union.

It is to be hoped and confidently expected that the Georgia Secretary of the Interior may have thrown a boomerang at the veterans which will rebound into his own camp.

TYRONE'S LATEST BLAZE.

The Altoona *Tribune's* Tyrone correspondent sends the following: The first destructive fire we have had for a long time began its ravages on Saturday morning about 2 o'clock in the building and general merchandise store room of J. Winn Gardner & Bro., on the corner of Fifteenth and North streets, a short distance north of McCamant & Co.'s planing mill. The flames were first discovered in the basement, from which they communicated with the first and second floors before the several companies of the fire department, which were prompt in response to the fire alarm, reached the place, which is some distance out, the unseemly hour retarding progress. The building was a frame structure, 22x70 feet in size, of two stories, and owing to the long continued dry weather was food for the devouring element. As soon as they could get in play the work of the firemen soon got control and the flames succumbed to the force of well directed streams.

The night being a calm and still one was in their favor, as otherwise much property would have been destroyed, the surroundings presenting much combustible and inflammable material. The building, which will have to be entirely overhauled, with fixtures cost $2,500, upon which there is an insurance of $1,000 with W. F. Hiller and $800 with George C. Waite. The stock is estimated at $7,500, Mr. Hiller carrying $2,500 and Mr. Waite $3,000, and also in Mr. Hiller's agency $500 on furniture and fixtures. Goods not destroyed by fire were greatly damaged by water. The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin. The loss will approximate $8,000.

—Last Friday Night two dwelling houses were burned to the ground at Port Matilda. The title of the property was in J C Marks, but they had been advertised for sale by the Sheriff on a judgement held by Mrs. Josephine Williams, of Martha. They were to have been sold at the Court House in Bellefonte last Saturday. On account of the fire the sale of the property was postponed. The houses were probably insured, but for how much we are not informed.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

New York, August 26, 1893.

During the past week, the Stock Market has fairly held the firmness of undertone exhibited the previous week. The market however is so narrow and so entirely in the hands of the professional trades that it easily reflects any change of attitude among operators and at the same time affords special inducements to the creation of fluctuations. The stubborn firmness of prices has induced a reduction of the "short" interest. An unfavorable influence however has come from Boston in the shape of large realizings upon General Electric, with a resulting decline in that stock. Large sales of Northern Pacifics issues also tender to weaken prices momentarily. The sensitiveness about time loans still continues. These various influences though comparatively unimportant both in detail and in aggregate, have proved sufficient to affect a highly sensitive market and to cause realizings upon the rallies. Even the good effect of a gain of $4,500,000 in the reserve average of the banks only made the occasion more favorable for the taking of profits.

The condition of monetary affairs is improving, and to a greater extent than appears on the surface. So long as the banks have to restrict their cash payments and currency is selling at a premium appearances must be unsatisfactory; but although these features still remain, a great deal is being accomplished towards their removal. The arrival of nearly 30 millions of gold from Europe, and still more on the way, and the issue of 12 millions of bank circulation, all of which has been accomplished within two or three weeks, cannot possibly fail to work out an immense relief. The banks of this city must now be on the verge of a restoration of their reserves to the legal limit, and there can be no doubt that the country banks are holding much more than the average amount of cash. When these facts become officially declared, the spell of the stringency will be broken and confidence and ease will gain rapidly. In the meantime, there are distinct signs in the interior cities of a more decided turn towards recovery than has yet appeared at this centre.

Henry Clews.

TARIFF.

It seems strange, in the extreme, that in the present condition of our country, these free trade advocates should, insist on their destructive plans as a healing balm. Since the 4th of July, 1789, when the first tariff act became a law, which was prepared by Mr. Madison, and introduced in committee of the whole, our country has prospered, only when free trade measures, or their tendenies, crept in. August 10, 1790, a second tariff act was passed, and on March 3, 1891, another; and still other acts, on the increase 1792, 1794, 1797, 1800, 1804, 1807, 1808. The war of 1812, with Great Britian, brought about the act of July 1, 1812, which imposed an addition of 100 per cent to existing duties. Acts of 1813 and 1815 then following until the act of 1819 which brought Henry Clay forward as an advocate and a thorough protectionist. Then came the acts of 1828-30-32, with a general tendency of a reduction until Mr. Clay came forward with his compromise bill in 1833, which reconciled the opposing factions, until 1850, when it became a pure political measure by the Republicans and Democrats, differing. History has proven that every effort brought forth in the direction of free trade has proven fruitless and unpopular with the majority of the people; not only with our government, but with others. After a disasterous attempt to establish free-trade, the German empire, in 1880, was obliged to return to protection. A strong anti-free-trade sentiment is said to be growing up in Holland. Russia found it necessary to add ten per cent, to its customs duties, in 1880. The French Republic has stood firmly by the protective principles which has built up her large manufacturing industries, of the nation; and other European nations are becoming educated in favor of the policy of levying duties for the encouragement of home protection.

The Honorable (?) Poindexter Dunn, who condescendingly honored the House of Representatives by serving as a member from Arkansas, and incidentally was appointed by the Cleveland-Carlisle-Copperhead Administration to investigate alleged Custom House frauds in New York, where in addition to the labor of drawing $10 a day for his services, he found time to compliment the Federal Pensioners with his notice sufficiently to utter that little neat and delicate *bon mot*, "It's a pity it was not pensioners," while referring to the Government clerks killed in the falling of Ford's Theatre at Washington—has had his job extended by Covington-Kentucky-Carlisle, we suppose, in recognition of his wit and refined sentiments, and, therefore he will compliment the United States Government preserved by "Pensioners," for some indefinite time longer, and obligingly accept $10 per day in money, made valuable by those pensioners that he regretted had not been killed at Ford's Theatre.

A CHECK ON HOKE SMITH.

The Republican has contended from the day the outrageous order was issued by the ex-rebel Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, that the present administration was illegally depriving veteran soldiers of pensions to which they were clearly entitled, and it does not propose to retreat from that position. The pensions which have been suspended were not granted in violation of law, as the veteran hating organs claim, and before long Mr. Smith and his commissioner of Pensions will have an opportunity to argue these questions in a court of law and answer them before a committee of the United States Senate. In another column of the Republican will be found a carefully prepared dispatch copied from the New York *Press* in which ex-Deputy Commissioner of Pensions Lincoln shows conclusively that the Secretary of the Interior has no right whatever to undo the act of his predecessor except for fraud alleged or suspected or for a change in degree of disability of the pensioner. In thus willfully violating the law the Secretary of the Interior not only ignores the vested right, but interferes with the legal right of the pensioner and deprives him of the protection the law affords.

In suspending these cases the Secretary has never claimed the action was taken because of the perpetration of fraud, though some irresponsible Democratic organs have put up that fictitious claim to shield his action. The suspension was made solely on the ground of difference of interpretation of the act of June 27, 1890. It is claimed and the Republicans believe, will be sustained, that Hoke Smith cannot supersede on act of Congress, and yet that is what he has repeatedly arrogated to himself when he has suspended whole classes of pensions, not for fraud discovered or alleged, but because he thought the law under which they were allowed unwise. Within a short time the Secretary of the Interior will be enjoined from proceeding further in this way.

The pensions which have been suspended were granted in accordance with law, and met the judgment of the authorities having the execution of those laws in charge. It is manifestly unjust to suppose that the present authorities have any legal right to disturb these pensions at will. They can only suspend or refuse to allow in accordance with existing law. And that existing law defines clearly how a case may be reopened. It does not permit wholesale suspensions and a general and brutal order all along the line to the pensioner to produce additional evidence. There can be no possible doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced person that the action of Hoke Smith in these cases has been absolutely illegal. He has no power to interfere with the executive action of a previous Administration. Such action is final so far as the executive is concerned. Hereafter the Republicans has attached this pension ruling largely on sentimental grounds. We have taken the position that the veterans who risked their lives on the nation's battlefield should be treated generously. Of the army that marched out young and hopeful half are now dead, and the sorrowful march of the remainder to the grave is so rapid that in a few years the pension question will settle itself. Retreating from the assaults of an indignant public opinion, the Administration has attempted to seek refuge in law points.

The Republicans will now take up the fight for the old soldier on the legality of Hoke Smith's action, and we propose to fight it out on that line until the Department shall be legally restrained from acts which are not warranted in law, injurious to honest pensioners and iniquitous in the eyes of every patriotic citizen who loves the Republic and reveres the flag the veterans gave their blood and lives to defend.

TWINS! TWINS!

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Democratic reformers and enemies of veteran pensioners feel greatly encouraged They have had an army of spies out for months and declare they have found one man "pensioner with corns," and another "with a bald head." Hoot them out. The work goes bravely on. We were mistaken, the Mountain of Reform has labored and brought forth twins. A "Bald Headed" pensioner and a twin brother "With Corns."

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." Graceful Grover and Serpentine Sangrado will now proceed to waltz on the "Corns."

—We know money is tight but when you have any you can do well with it at the Eureka Grocery. They are making prices to agree with the times.

WHERE THE BLAME LIES.

It is not unimportant—as thousands of honest American workmen are deprived by the shutting down of the mills, of a chance to earn their bread, and as the whole nation finds business contracted by money stringency caused solely by the threat of industrial revolution—to try to fix the responsibility. With whom does it rest? Did any one person set in motion the train of circumstances which has produced these lamentable results? Let us see.

During his first term Mr. Cleveland began the movement, which ended in his re-election upon a free trade platform. Up to that time the Democratic party, having strong inclinations to free trade, but fearing the patriotic instincts of the American people, had usually shuffled with the question. But Mr. Cleveland in 1887 sent to Congress a message which was devoted wholly to denunciation of the protective system. This attack upon home industry rallied the free traders, and finally the Democratic party, to the British system of which Mr. Cleveland made himself the champion. In the same strain, in 1888, Mr. Cleveland wrote his letter of acceptance. He expressed his purpose through the instrumentality of "tariff reform" to cheapen "the cost of the necessaries of life," and to "increase the purchasing power of the workingmen's wages." The cheapening process has been performed, but where, alas! are the wages of the workingman?

Following Mr. Cleveland's example, the entire Democratic press of the country began to denounce as plunderers of the people the men who conduct our great industries. Day after day for years past these journals have endeavored to arouse evil passions and to pervert public opinion to the view that manufacturers are public enemies, who have enriched themselves by filching the substance of the people by the help of the Federal government. Last year the Democratic platform described the McKinley tariff law as "the culminating atrocity of class legislation." Thus the control of the machinery of the government, with unlimited power to break down and to destroy, passed into the hands of a man and a party, both of whom had for years been waging war upon the vast industries, in which hundreds of millions of capital were invested and which could not hope to continue successfully when the influence of their own government should be wielded directly against them. Under such conditions what could have happened but that prostration should befall? What could be expected by a manufacturer from a president, who, over and over again, had denounced him as a robber, and from a congress elected to root out and to destroy a system of robbery? It would have been folly for such a man to go on with his business operations precisely as if no revolution had occurred and it he had the assurance he posessed under Republican rule that he would not be molested.

Silver purchases were made month by month when Mr. Cleveland sent to Congress his first incendiary message in 1887. They were still made when he wrote his letter of acceptance in 1888. They were made when he accepted the nomination last year upon a revolutionary platform; but still the business of the nation prospered. But no sooner had he and his party come inio office, with positive ability to make good their threats, than a great wave of depression swept over the land. It is impossible not to perceive that the whole cause of the trouble was the success of the Democratic party, or to deny that the man who gave the impetus to the forces of destruction was Grover Cleveland, to whose rash utterances and aggressive promotion of the free trade cause is to be attributed, far more than to any other influence, the calamities which have overtaken a nation which one year ago had high prosperity. —New York Press.

NEW YORK WOMEN IN POLITICS.

A new factor in Chautauqua county, N. Y., politics this fall will be the candidacy of Mrs. Martha R. Almy for the office of School Commissioner in the Third District. Mrs. Almy enters the field at the request of the Chautauqua county Political Equality Club. In outlining her future course, she said she would make no canvass of any political party, but would appeal to men and women of Chautauqua county who believe that the county has a right to the best services of citizens, regardless of sex. The Chautauqua County Political Equality Club is the strongest organization of the kind in Western New York, and, as the women have wisely decided not to draw party lines, they will undoubtedly poll a large vote. In Cattaraugus county there is to be a similar movement. Miss Christina McLennan, sister of Judge Peter B. McLennan, of Syracuse, is in the field for a nomination as school commissioner. She lives at Franklinville and has some local support. In the Second Cattaraugus District Miss Mary Van Rensselaer, of Randolph, has announced her candidacy for the Commissionership. She has good prospects for success.

CELEBRATION OF PENNSYLVANIA DAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Inducements Offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The World's Fair Commission having decided on Thursday, September 7th, as the day which they desire to have formally celebrated and designed as Pennsylvania Day, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in pursvance of its usual custom, takes pleasure in announcing that, for the benefit of those wishing to participate in or attend the ceremonies, the extremely low rate of one fare for the round trip will prevail from all points situated on that company's lines within the borders of the State.

Tickets for the occasion will be good only on the special train leaving Philadelphia at 11:30 A. M., September 5th, and reaching Lancaster at 1.15, Harrisburg 3.00, Lewistown Junction 4.30, Altoona 7.00, Pittsburg 10.25 P. M. Stops will be made at principal intermediate stations, and connections may be made from points on the branches of the main line. The composition of the train will be first-class standard coaches, and ample accommodation will be provided for all who will avail themselves of the opportunity of showing their interest in an event so momentous as the commemoration of the Keystone Stateat the World's Columbian Exposition.

Chicago will be reached by the special train early in the afternoon of the next day, September 6th, and the return coupons will be good for passage on trains leaving Chicago at 3.15 and 11.30 P. M., on or before September 13th.

The inducements for this excursion and the facilities provided in the train service over the Pennsylvania system, will doubtless be taken advantage of by the many Pennsylvanians who are anxious to show the pride they have for their native State.

OPPOSING LYNCH LAW.

An anti-lynch law league was formed this week in Philadelphia, and similar organizations are projected in other parts of the country. It is notable that Southern papers, which have hitherto advocated and justified lynching, are now changing their tone. While no sympathy is expressed for the victims of lynch law the effect upon those who take part in or witness their summary execution. with its revolting accessories is now becoming a matter of serious concern. No one can see a fellow creature tortured without experiencing a shock to his mortal nature, and when, as has been frequently the case among the witnesses to some of the most horrible affairs, there are young people of both sexes, the evil effects are incalculable.

Another great evil of lynch law is the liability of the wrong man being killed by the mob, the members of which as a rule are not in a mental condition proper for weighing and justly determining the evidence against the accused, and who too frequently are intent only on finding a victim to satiate their vengeance. It is certainly time that something be done to stop the epidemic of lynching which has spread over the country, and which bids fair, if unchecked, to have most disastrous results for our whole people.

A SWINDLER.

A man traveling over the county swindling store keepers is thus spoken of and described by the Lock Haven *Democrat*:

"Our merchants should be on the lookout for a swindler, who is, and has already successfully worked several cities. He victimized merchants in Woodbury, N. J. Afterwards he appeared in Harrisburg, and later in Mauch Chunk. His description is as follows: Nicely dressed, 36 years old, about six feet in height, light complexion, full round head, mild, somewhat effeminate voice, commands good language and wears a gray diagonal suit. His mode of operations is to purchase a bill of goods, in payment for which he presents a nicely printed check, with "V. O. Sweet, Towanda, Penn," on it drawn by Mr. Sweet on Citizens' National bank, Towanda, Pa., to order of James Spicer, and has the certified stamp of the bank, with the signature of J. K. Newell, cashier, impressed thereon. The check when presented to that bank is pronounced a false one."

MADELINE MERLI.

The time is fast approaching when really successful plays must deal with some great question of the day. "The Story of a Kiss," which Madeline Merli and company will present next Monday evening is a play with a moral. Miss Merli claims it is not what we do but what we resist that is a test of morality; the question is admirably handled in Emile Zola's play and it should of itself command a full house, regardless of Miss Merli's talent and beauty.

Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

Braxton's first performance on getting into cool habiliments was to go over to his office and hunt through the book shelves for a volume in which he never before had felt the faintest interest—the Light Artillery Tactics of 1864. There on his desk lay a stack of mail unopened, and Mr. Drake was already silently inditing the summary note to the culprit Waring. Brax wanted first to see with his own eyes the instructions for light artillery when reviewed with other troops, vaguely hoping that there might still be some point on which to catch his foeman on the hip. But if there were he did not find it. He was tactician enough to see that even if Cram had formed with his leading drivers on line with the infantry, as Braxton thought he should have done, neither of the two methods of forming into battery would then have got his guns where they belonged. Cram's interpretation of the text was backed by the custom of service, and there was no use criticising it further. And so, after discontentedly hunting through the dust-covered pages awhile in hopes of stumbling on some codicil or rebuttal, the colonel shut it with a disgusted snap and tossed the offending tome on the farthest table. At that moment Brax could have wished the board of officers who prepared the Light Artillery Tactics in the nethermost depths of the neighboring swamp. Then he turned on his silent staff officer—a not unusual expedient.

"Why on earth, Mr. Drake, didn't you look up that point, instead of making such a break before the whole command?"

"I couldn't find anything about it in Casey, sir, anywhere," replied the perturbed young man. "I didn't know where else to look."

"Well, you might have asked Mr. Ferry or Mr. Pierce. The Lord knows you waste enough time with 'em."

"You might have asked Capt. Cram," was what Drake wanted to say, but wisely did not. He bit the end of his penholder instead, and bridled his tongue and temper.

"The next time I have a review with a mounted battery, by George!" said the post commander, finally, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, "I just—won't have it!"

He had brought down the pile of letters as well as his fist, and Drake sprang to gather them, replacing them on the desk and dexterously slipping a paper cutter under the flap of each envelope as he did so. At the very first note he opened Brax threw himself back in his chair with a long whistle of mingled amazement and concern, then turned suddenly on his adjutant.

"What became of Mr. Waring? He wasn't hurt?"

"Not a bit, sir, that I know of. He drove to town with Capt. Cram's team—at least I was told so—and left that note for you there, sir."

"He did!—left the post and left a note for me! Why!—" But here Braxton broke off short, tore open the note and read:

"MY DEAR COLONEL: I trust you will overlook the informality of my going to town without previously consulting you. I had purposed, of course, asking your permission, but the mishap that befell me in the runaway of my horse prevented my appearance at the review, and had I waited for your return from the field it would have compelled me to break my engagement with our friends the Allertons. Under the circumstances I felt sure of your complaisance.

"As I hope to drive Miss Allerton down after the matinee, might it not be a good idea to have the dress parade and the band out? They have seen the battery drills but are much more desirous of seeing the infantry.

"Most sincerely yours,
"S. 3. WARING."

"Well, for consummate impudence this beats the Jews!" exclaimed Brax. "Orderly, my compliments to Capt. Cram, and say I wish to see him at once, if he's back from stables."

Now, as has been said, Cram had had no time to change to undress uniform, but Mrs. Cram had received the orderly's message, had informed that martial Mercury that the captain was not yet back from stables, and that she would tell him at once on his return. Well, she knew that mischief was brewing, and her woman's wit was already enlisted in behalf of her friend. Hurriedly penciling a note, she sent a messenger to her liege, still busy with his horses, to bid him come to her, if only for a moment, on his way to the office. And when he came, heated, tired, but bubbling over with eagerness to tell her of the fun they had been having with Brax, she met him with a cool tankard of "shandygaff" which he had learned to like in England among the horse artillery fellows, and declared the very prince of drinks after active exercise in hot weather. He quaffed it eagerly, flung off his shako and kissed her gratefully, and burst all at once into laughing narration of the morning's work, but she checked him:

"Ned, dear, don't stop for that yet. I know you're too full of tact to let Col. Braxton see it was any fun for you, and he's waiting at the office. Something tells me it's about Mr. Waring. Now put yourself in Mr. Waring's place. Of course he ought never to have made that engagement until he had consulted you, but he never dreamed that there would be a review to-day, and so he invited the Allertons to breakfast with him at Moreau's and go to the matinee."

"Why, that rascal Ananias said it was to breakfast at the general's," interrupted the battery commander.

"Well, perhaps he was invited there too. I believe I did hear something of that. But he had made this arrangement with the Allertons. Now, of course, if review were over at ten he could just about have time to dress and catch the eleven-o'clock car, but that would make it very late, and when Bay Billy broke away from Ananias nobody could catch him for over half an hour. Mr. Ferry had taken the section, Mr. Waring wasn't needed, and—Why, Ned, when I drove in, fearing to find him injured, and saw him standing there the picture of consternation and despair, and he told me about his engagement, I said myself: 'Why don't you go now?' I told him it was what you surely would say if you were here. Neither of us thought the colonel would object, so long as you approved, and he wrote such a nice note. Why, Ned, he only just had time to change his dress and drive up with Jeffers—"

"With Jeffers? With my—er—our team and wagon? Well, I like—"

"Of course you like it, you old darling. She's such a dear girl, though just a little bit gushing, you know. Why, I said, certainly the team should go. But, Ned, here's what I'm afraid of. Mrs. Braxton saw it drive in at nine-thirty, just after Billy ran away, and she asked Jeffers who was going, and he told her Mr. Waring, and she has told the colonel, I'll wager. Now, what you have got to do is to explain that to him, so that he won't blame Mr. Waring."

"The dickens I have! The most barefaced piece of impudence even Sam Waring was ever guilty of—to me, at least, though I've no doubt he's done worse a dozen times. Why, bless your heart, Nell, how can I explain? You might, but—"

"But would you have me suppose my big soldier couldn't handle that matter as well as I? No, sir! Go and do it, sir. And, mind you, I'm going to invite them all up here to the gallery to hear the band play and have a cup of tea and a nibble when they come down this evening. He's going to drive the Allertons here."

"Worse and more of it! Why, you conspiracy in petticoats, you'll be the ruin of me! Old Brax is boiling over now. If he dreams that Waring has been taking liberties with him he'll fetch him up so short——"



"WELL, FOR CONSUMMATE IMPUDENCE HE BEATS THE JEWS!"

"Exactly! You mustn't let him. You must tell him I sent him up with your team—yours, mind you—to keep his engagement, since it was impossible for him to come back to review ground. Of course he wouldn't expect him to appear afoot."

"Don't know about that, Nell. I reckon that's the way he'll order out the whole gang of us next time. He's had his fill of mounted work to-day."

"Well, if he should, you be sure to acquiesce gracefully now. Whatsoever you do, don't let him put Mr. Waring in arrest while Gwen Allerton is here. It would spoil—everything."

"Oh, match-making, is it? Then I'll try." And so, vexed, but laughing, half indignant, yet wholly subordinate to the whim of his beloved better half, the captain hastened over, and found Col. Braxton sitting with gloomy brow at his littered desk, his annoyance of the morning evidently forgotten in matters more serious.

"Oh—er—Cram, come in! come in, man," said he, distractedly. "Here's a matter I want to see you about. It's—well, just take that letter and read. Sit down, sit down. Read, and tell me what we ought to do about it."

And as Cram's blue eyes wandered over the written page they began to dilate. He read from start to finish, and then dropped his head into his hand, his elbow on his knee, his face full of perplexity and concern.

"What do you think of it? Is there any truth—" and the colonel hesitated.

"As to their being seen together, perhaps. As to the other—the challenge—I don't believe it."

"Well, Cram, this is the second or third letter that has come to me in the same hand. Now, you must see to it that he returns and doesn't quit the post until this matter is arranged."

"I'll attend to it, sir," was the answer.

And so that evening, while Waring was slowly driving his friends about the shaded roads under the glistening white pillars of the rows of officers' quarters, chatting joyously with them and describing the objects so strange to their eyes, Mrs. Cram's "little foot page" came to beg that they should alight a few minutes and take a cup of tea. They could not. The Allertons were engaged, and it was necessary to drive back at once to town, but they stopped for a moment to chat with their pretty hostess under the gallery, and then a moment later, as they rolled out of the resounding sally-port, an orderly ran up, saluted, and slipped a note in Waring's hand.

"It is immediate, sir," was his explanation.

"Ah! Miss Allerton, will you pardon me one moment?" said Waring, as he shifted whip and reins in the left hand and turned coolly up the levee road. Then with the right he forced open and held up the missive.

It only said: "Whatsoever you do, be here before taps to night. Come direct to me, and I will explain. Your friend, CRAM."

"All right," said Waring, aloud. "My compliments to the captain, and say I'll be with him."

But even with this injunction he failed to appear. Midnight came without a word from Waring, and the morning dawned and found him absent still.

III.

It was one of Sam Waring's oddities that, like the hero of "Happy Thoughts," other people's belongings seemed to suit him so much better than his own. The most immaculately dressed man in the regiment, he was never satisfied with the result of the efforts of the New York artists whom he favored with his custom and his criticism. He would wear three or four times a new coat just received from that metropolis, and spend not a little time, when not on duty or in uniform, in studying critically its cut and fit in the various mirrors that hung about his bachelor den, gayly humming some operatic air as he conducted the survey, and generally winding up with a wholesale denunciation of the cutter and an order to Ananias to go over and get some other fellow's coat, that he might try the effect of that. These were liberties he took only with his chums and intimates, to be sure, but they were liberties all the same, and it was delicious to hear the laugh with which he would tell how Pierce had to dress in uniform when he went up to the opera Thursday night, or how, after he had worn Ferry's stylish morning suit to make a round of calls in town and that young gentleman later on went up to see a pretty girl in whom he felt a growing interest, her hateful little sister had come in and commented on his "borrowing Mr. Waring's clothes." No man in the battery would ever think of refusing Sam the use of anything he possessed, and there were half a dozen young fellows in the infantry who were just as ready to pay tribute to his whims. Nor was it among the men alone that he found such indulgence. Mrs. Cram had not known him a fortnight when, with twinkling eyes and a betraying twitch about the corners of his mouth, he appeared one morning to say he had invited some friends down to luncheon at the officers' mess and the mess had no suitable china, therefore he would thank her to send over hers, also some table cloths and napkins, and forks and spoons. When the Forty-sixth infantry were on their way to Texas and the officers' families were entertained over night at the barracks and his rooms were to be occupied by the wife, sister and daughters of Capt. Craney, Waring sent the battery team and spring wagon to town with a note to Mrs. Converse, of the staff, telling her the ladies had said so much about the lovely way her sparerooms were furnished that he had decided to draw on her for wash bowls, pitchers, mosquito frames, nets and coverlets, blankets, pillows, slips, shams, and anything else she might think of. And Mrs. Converse loaded up the wagon accordingly. This was the more remarkable in her case because she was one of the women with whom he had never yet danced, which was tantamount to saying that in the opinion of this social bashaw Mrs. Converse was not considered a good partner, and, as the lady entertained very different views on that subject and was passionately fond of dancing, she had resented not a little the line thus drawn to her detriment. She not only loaned, however, all he asked for, but begged to be informed if there were not something more she could do to help entertain his visitors. Waring sent her some lovely flowers the next week, but failed to take her out even once at the staff german. Mrs. Cram was alternately aghast and delighted at what she perhaps justly called his incomparable impudence. They were coming out of church together one lovely morning during the winter. There was a crowd in the vestibule. Street dresses were then worn looped, yet there was a sudden sound of rip, rent and tear, and a portly woman gathered up the trailing skirt of a costly silken gown and whirled with annihilation in her eyes upon the owner of the offending foot.

"That is far too elegant a skirt to be worn unlooped, madam," said Mrs. Cram's imperturbable escort, in his most suave and dulcet tones, lifting a glossy silk hat and bowing profoundly. And Mrs. Cram laughed all the way back to the barracks at the recollection of the utter discomfiture in the woman's face.

These are mere specimen bricks from the fabric which Waring had builded in his few months of artillery service. The limits of the story are all too contracted to admit of extended detail. So, without further expansion, it may be said that when he drove up to town on this eventful April day in Cram's wagon and Larkin's hat and Ferry's Hatfield clothes, with Pierce's precious London umbrella by his side and Merton's watch in his pocket, he was as stylish and presentable a fellow as ever issued from a battery barrack, and Jeffers, Cram's English groom, mutely approved the general appearance of his prime favorite among the officers at the post, at most of whom he opened his eyes in cockney amaze, and critically noted the skill with which Mr. Waring tooled the spirited bays along the level road.

Nearly a mile above the barracks, midway between the long embankment to their left and the tall white picket fence surmounted by the olive-green foliage of magnolias and orange trees on the other hand, they had come upon a series of deep mud-holes in the way, where the seepage water from the rapidly rising flood was turning the roadway into a pond. Stuck helplessly in the mud, an old-fashioned cabriolet was halted. Its driver was out and up to his knees thrashing vainly at his straining, staggering horse. The tortuous roadway was blocked, but Waring had been up and down the river bank too many times both day and night to be daunted by a matter so trivial. He simply cautioned Jeffers to lean well over the inner wheel, guided his team obliquely up the slope of the levee, and drove quietly along its level top until abreast the scene of the wreck. One glance into the interior of the cab caused him suddenly to stop, to pass the reins back to Jeffers, to spring down the slope until he stood at the edge of the sea of mud. Here he raised his hat and cried:

"Mme. Lascelles! madame! this is indeed lucky—for me. Let me get you out."

At his call a slender, graceful woman who was gazing in anxiety and dismay from the opposite side of the cab, and pleading with the driver not to beat his horse, turned suddenly, and a pair of lovely dark eyes lighted up at sight of his face. Her pallor, too, gave instant place to a warm flush. A pretty child at her side clapped her little hands and screamed with delight:

"Maman! maman! C'est M'sieu' Vayreeng; c'est Sa-am."

"Oh, M. Wareeng! I'm so glad you've come! Do speak to that man! It is horrible the way he beat that poor horse—Mais non, Nin Nin!" she cried, reproving the child, now stretching forth her little arms to her friend and striving to rise and leap to him.

"I'd like to know how in h—l I'm to get this cab out of such a hole as this if I don't beat him," exclaimed the driver, roughly. Then once more: "Dash blank dash your infernal hide! I'll learn you to balk with me again!" Then down came more furious lashes on the quivering hide, and the poor tortured brute began to back, thereby placing the frail four-wheeler in imminent danger of being upset.

"Steady there! Hold your hand, sir! Don't strike that horse again. Just stand at his head a moment and keep quiet till I get these ladies out," called Waring, in tone quiet yet commanding.

"I'll get 'em out myself in my own way, if they'll only stop their infernal yellin'," was the coarse reply.

"Oh, M. Wareeng," exclaimed the lady in undertone, "the man has been drinking, I am sure. He has been so rude in his language."

Waring waited for no more words. Looking quickly about him, he saw a plank lying on the levee slope. This he seized, thrust one end across the muddy hole until it rested in the cab, stepped lightly across, took the child in his arms, bore her to the embankment and sat her down, then sprang back for her young mother, who, trembling slightly, rose and took his outstretched hand just as another lash fell on the horse's back and another lurch followed. Waring caught at the cab-rail with one hand, threw the other arm about her slender waist, and, fairly lifting the little madame over the wheel, sprang with her to the shore, and in an instant more had carried her, speechless and somewhat agitated, to the top of the levee.

"Now," said he, "let me drive you and Nin Nin wherever you were going. Is it to market or to church?"

"Mais non—to bonne maman's, of whom it is the fete," cried the eager little one, despite her mother's stern orders of silence. "Look!" she exclaimed, showing her dainty little legs and feet in creamy silken hose and kid.

It was "bonne maman," explained madame, who had ordered the cab from town for them, never dreaming of the condition of the river road or suspecting that of the driver.

"So much the happier for me!" laughed Waring. "Take the front seat, Jeffers. Now Nin Nin, ma fleurette, up with you!" And the delighted child was lifted to her perch in the stylish trap she had so often admired. "Now, madame," he continued, extending his hand.

But madame hung back, hesitant and blushing.

"Oh, M. Wareeng, I cannot, I must not. Is it not that some one shall extricate the cab?"

"No one from this party, at least," laughed Waring, mischievously, making the most of her idiomatic query. "Your driver is more cochon than cocher, and if he drowns in that mud 'twill only serve him right. Like your famous compatriot, he'll have a chance to say, 'I will drown, and no one shall help me,' for all I care. The brute! Allons! I will drive you to bonne maman's of whom it is the fete. Bless that baby daughter! And Mme. d'Hervilly shall bless Nin Nin's tout devoue Sam."

And Mme. Lascelles found further remonstrance useless. She was lifted into the seat, by which time the driver, drunken and truculent, had waded after them.

"Who's to pay for this?" was his surly question.

"You, I fancy, as soon as your employer learns of your driving into that hole," was Waring's cool reply.

"Well, by God, I want five dollars for my fare and trouble, and I want it right off." And, whip in hand, the burly, mud-covered fellow came lurching up the bank. Across the boggy street beyond the white picket fence the green blinds of a chamber window in an old-fashioned southern house were thrown open, and two feminine faces peered forth, interested spectators of the scene.

"Here, my man!" said Waring, in low tone, "you have earned no five dollars, and you know it. Get your cab out, come to Mme. d'Hervilly's, where you were called, and whatever is your due will be paid you; but no more of this swearing or threatening—not another word of it."

"I want my money, I say, and I mean to have it. I'm not talking to you; I'm talking to the lady that hired me."

"But I have not the money. It is for my mother—Mme d'Hervilly—to pay. You will come there."

"I want it now, I say. I've got to hire teams to get my cab out. I got stalled here carrying you and your child, and I mean to have my pay right now, or I'll know the reason why. Your swell friend's got the money. It's none of my business how you pay him."

But that ended the colloquy. Waring's fist landed with resounding whack under the cabman's jaw, and sent him rolling down into the mud below. He was up, floundering and furious, in less than a minute, cursing horribly and groping in the pocket of his overcoat.

"It's a pistol, lieutenant. Look out!" cried Jeffers.

There was a flash, a sharp report, a stifled cry from the cab, a scream of terror from the child. But Waring had leaped lightly aside, and before the half-drunken brute could cock his weapon for a second shot he was felled like a dog, and the pistol wrested from his hand and hurled across the levee. Another blow crashed full in his face as he strove to find his feet, and this time his muddled senses warned him it were best to lie still.

Two minutes more, when he lifted his battered head and strove to stanch the blood streaming from his nostrils, he saw the team driving briskly away up the crest of the levee; and, overcome by maudlin contemplation of his foeman's triumph and his own wretched plight, the cabman sat him down and wept aloud.

And to his succor presently there came ministering angels from across the muddy way, one with a brogue, the other in a bandanna, and between the two he was escorted across a dry path to the magnolia-fringed inclosure, comforted with soothing applications without and within, and encouraged to tell his tale of woe. That he should wind it up with vehement expression of his ability to thrash a thousand swells like the one who had abused him and a piratical prophecy that he'd drink his heart's blood within the week was due not so much to confidence in his own powers, perhaps, as to the strength of the whisky with which he had been liberally supplied. Then the lady of the house addressed her Ethiop maid of all work:

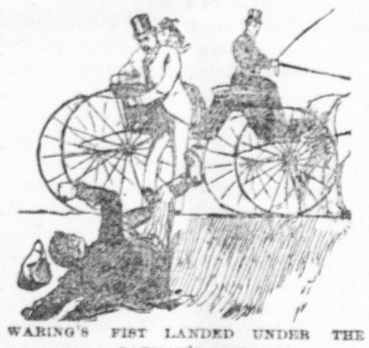
"Go you over to Anatole's now, 'Louette. Tell him if any of the byes are there I want 'um. If Dawson is there, from the adjutant's office, I wahnt him quick. Tell him it's Mrs. Doyle, and never mind if he's been dhrinkin'; he shall have another dhrop here."

And at her beck there presently appeared three or four besotted-looking specimens in the coarse undress uniform of the day, poor devils absent without leave from their post below and hoping only to be able to beg or steal whisky enough to stupefy them before the patrol should come and drag them away to the guardhouse. Promise of liberal reward in shape of liquor was sufficient to induce three of their number to go out with the fuming cabman and help rescue his wretched brute and trap. The moment they were outside the gate she turned on the fourth, a pallid, sickly man, whose features were delicate, whose hands were white and slender, and whose whole appearance, despite glassy eyes and tremulous mouth and limbs, told the pathetic story of better days.

"You're off ag'in, are you? Sure I heerd so, and you're mad for a dhrink now. Can ye write, Dawson, or must I brace you up first?"

An imploring look, an unsteady gesture, alone answered.

"Here, thin, wait! It's absinthe ye need, my buck. Go you into that room now and wash yourself, and I'll bring it and whin the others come back for their whisky I'll tell 'um you've gone. You're to do what I say, now, and



WARING'S FIST LANDED UNDER THE CARMAN'S JAW.

Doyle will see you t'rough; if not, it's back to that hell in the guardhouse you'll go, my word on it."

"Oh, for God's sake, Mrs. Doyle—" began the poor wretch, imploringly, but the woman shut him off.

"In there wid you! the others are coming." And, unbarring the front door, she presently admitted the trio returning to claim the fruits of their honest labor.

"Is he gone? Did he tell you what happened?"

"He's gone, yes," answered one; "he's gone to get square with the lieutenant and his cockney dog-robber. He says they both jumped on him and kicked his face in when he was down and unarmed and helpless. Was he lyin?"

"Oh, they bate him cruel. But did he tell you of the lady—who it was they took from him?"

"Why, sure, the wife of that old Frenchman, Lascelles, that lives below,—her the lieutenant's been sparkin' this three months."

"The very wan, mind ye!" replied the lady of the house, with significant emphasis and glance from her bleary eyes; "the very wan," she finished, with slow nodding accompaniment of the frowzy head. "And that's the kind of gintlemen that undertakes to hold up their heads over soldiers like Doyle. Here, boys, drink now, but be off ag'inst his coming. He'll be here any minute. Take this to comfort ye, but kape still about this till ye see me ag'in—or Doyle. Now run." And with scant ceremony the dreary party was hustled out through a paved courtyard to a gateway opening on a side street. Houses were few and scattering so far below the heart of the city. The narrow strip of land between the great river and the swamp was cut up into walled inclosures, as a rule—abandoned warehouses and cotton presses, moss-grown one-storied frame structures, standing in the midst of desolate fields and decrepit fences. Only among the peaceful shades of the Ursuline convent and the warlike flanking towers at the barracks was there aught that spoke of anything but demoralization and decay. Back from the levee a block or two the double lines of strap-iron stretched over a wooden causeway between parallel wet ditches gave evidence of some kind of a railway, on which, at rare intervals, jogged a sleepy mule with a sleepier driver and a musty old rattletrap of a car—a car butting up against the animal's lazy hocks and rousing him occasionally to ringing and retaliatory kicks. Around the barracks the buildings were closer, mainly in the way of saloons; then came a mile-long northward stretch of track, with wet fields on either side, fringed along the river by solid structures and walled inclosures that told of days more prosperous than those which so closely followed the war. It was to one of these graceless drinking-shops and into the hands of a rascally "dago" known as Anatole that Mrs. Doyle commended her trio of allies, and being rid of them she turned back to her prisoner, their erstwhile companion. Absinthe wrought its work on his meek and pliant spirit, and the shaking hand was nerved to do the woman's work. At her dictation, with such corrections as his better education suggested, two letters were draughted, and with these in her hand she went aloft. In fifteen minutes she returned, placed one of these letters in an envelope already addressed to M. Armand Lascelles, No. — Rue Royale, the other she handed to Dawson. It was addressed in neat and delicate feminine hand to Col. Braxton, Jackson Barracks.

"Now, Dawson, ye can't see her this day, and she don't want ye till you can come over here sober. Off wid ye now to barracks. They're all out at inspection yet, and will be for an hour. Lay this with the colonel's mail on his desk, and thin go you to your own. Come to me this afthernoon for more dhrink if ye can tell me what he said and did when he read it. No! no more liquor now. That'll brace ye till dinner-time, and more would make ye dhrunk."

Miserably he plodded away down the levee, while she, his ruler, throwing on a huge, dirty white sun-bonnet, followed presently in his tracks, and shadowed him until she saw him safely reach the portals of the barracks after one or two fruitless scouts into wayside bars in hope of finding some one to treat or trust him to a drink. Then, retracing her steps a few blocks, she rang sharply at the lattice gate opening into a cool and shaded inclosure, beyond which could be seen the white-pillared veranda of a long, low, southern homestead. A grinning negro boy answered the summons.

"It's you, is it, Alphonse? Is your mistress at home?"

"No; gone town—chez Mme. d'Hervilly."

"Mme. Devillease, is it? Very well; you skip to town wid that note and get it in your master's hands before the cathedral clock strikes twelve, or ye'll suffer. There's a car in three minutes."

And then, well content with her morning's work, the consort of the senior first lieutenant of Light Battery "X" (a dame whose credentials were too clouded to admit of her reception or recognition within the limits of a regular garrison, where, indeed, to do him justice, Mr. Doyle never wished to see her, or, for that matter, anywhere else) betook herself to the magnolia-shaded cottage where she dwelt beyond the pale of military interference, and some hours later sent 'Louette to say to Doyle she wanted him, and Doyle obeyed. In his relief at finding the colonel had probably forgotten the peccadillo for which he expected punishment, in blissful possession of Mr. Waring's sitting-room and supplies now that Waring was absent, the big Irishman was preparing to spend the time in drinking his junior's health and whisky and discoursing upon the enormity of his misconduct with all comers, when Ananias entered and informed him there was a lady below who wished to see him—"lady" being the euphemism of the lately enfranchised for the females of their race. It was 'Lonette with the mandate from her mistress, a mandate he dared not disregard.

"Say I'll be along in a minute," was his reply, but he sighed and swore heavily, as he slowly reascended the stair. "Give me another dhrink, smut," he ordered Ananias, disregarding Ferry's suggestion: "Better drink no more till after dark." Then, swallowing his potion, he went lurching down the steps without another word. Ferry and Pierce stepped to the gallery and gazed silently after him as he veered around to the gate leading to the old war hospital inclosure where the battery was quartered. Already his walk was perceptibly unsteady.

"Keeps his head pretty well, even after his legs are gone," said Ferry. "Knows too much to go by the sally-port. He's sneaking out through the back gate."

"Why, what does he go out there for, when he has the run of Waring's sideboard?"

"Oh, didn't you hear? She sent for him."

"That's it, is it? Sometimes I wonder which one of those two will kill the other."

"Oh, he wouldn't dare. That fellow is an abject coward in the dark. He believes in ghosts, spooks, banshees and wraiths—everything uncanny—and she'd haunt him if he laid his hands on her. There's only one thing that he'd be more afraid of than Bridget Doyle living, and that would be Bridget Doyle dead."

"Why can't he get rid of her? What hold has she on him? This thing's an infernal scandal as it stands. She's only been here a month or so, and everybody in garrison knows all about her, and these doughboys don't make any bones about chaffing us on our lady friends."

Continued next week.

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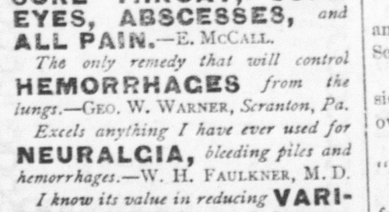
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A WHITE KITTEN.

The Important Part It Played in a Pretty Romance.

Miss Lucia Marsh was walking down to the gate, between the beds of bright pinks standing stiffly erect on each side of the path. Their spicy fragrance scented the air, and she plucked one and stuck it in her belt.

As she reached the gate, a man passed carrying a basket from which issued faint mewing sounds. He looked aside hastily, and as for Miss Lucia, she cast her eyes quite the other way. He went by, and entered the iron gate next door, shutting it with a clang. Miss Lucia looked after him with a scornfulsniff of her small nose.

"He could as well have gone round the other way instead of coming past here," she said.

A shrill mew came over the fence, another and then another wail.

"Come Kitty," she heard him call. "Here, kitty, kitty!"

Miss Lucia was listening intently.

The calling ceased, and she heard the sound of his footsteps walking briskly on the planks laid around the house.

"I suppose 'twas a cat he had," she mused. "And what will we do with a cat.?"

Miss Lucia picked up her skirts daintily and tripped down the street to her grandmother's giving her neighbor, Reuben Spofford, and his new pet not another thought.

It was evident that Miss Lucia Marsh and Reuben Spofford were not the best of neighbors. The ill-feeling dated back to her father's time and his father's time, and now both fathers were dead, and Miss Lucia's mother, also, yet still there was no cessation of hostilities. Miss Lucia remained in the old homestead quite alone save for the two old servants Martha Spinks and her husband. Reuben Spofford's sole living relative was an invalid aunt whom he cared for as gently as if she had been his mother. And if Reuben Spofford had had been asked the cause of the unneighborliness on each side of the high division fence, or if the same question had been propounded to Miss Lucia Marsh, they would have looked at you in wonderment; for the cause of the feud was an old tale.

Miss Lucia was not especially young. She was younger than Reuben Spofford, and they both had been children when the courthouse was built. But they had never played together, and there were no merry cries across the high division wall, no games of ball nor blackberrying together like other neighbors' children. And they grew up in this fashion, and had been girl and boy, and now they were maid and man, yet the division fence was as high and uncompromising as ever.

When Miss Lucia stood at the kitchen door next morning she was humming a snatch of a hymn and shaking the table cloth at the same time. Fat old Aunt Martha stood laughing in the yard.

"Does yer see him, honey?" she said. "Jes' look at dat!" She pointed to the fence, which was running over with gray morning glories, their blue and pink and white cups spread like trumpets. And likewise running along the fence, and balancing himself by the tangle of vines, was a roly-poly while ball of a kitten. He grabbed one blossom after another in his sharp claws and doomed it to destruction. To and fro he scampered, sometimes tumbling, anon catching his feet unawares and nearly going headlong.

"He's ruining my vines," cried Miss Lucia. "Oh, Martha, how can you? Do chase him away—horrid little creature! Hurry, Martha!" Miss Lucia wrung her hands.

"Shoo, he can't hurt 'em," Martha answered, laughing. "But I'll chase him. Scat, you—scat!"

She waddled toward the fence, her fat side shaking, and away went the kitten over the other side.

"Now that's bad," said Miss Lucia. "He's going to be a nuisance."

The white kitten seemed to regard that fence as his special play-ground. He enjoyed the vines very much, and finally destroyed their beauty completely. Then he began making short sorties into the enemy's camp, i, e., scampering across Miss Lucia's back yard and them home again. The first few times Miss Lucia assisted his departure. She impressed upon Aunt Martha the fact that he must be sent home. And yet, one day, what did Aunt Martha do but catch her mistress in the very act of giving the white kitten a saucer of milk!

"I don't think, Martha," she said, explanatorily, "that he gets very well fed. See how he drinks that milk!"

"He's a shore little scamp," said Martha, chuckling. In her big black body beat a very tender heart for all dumb creatures, four-footed or feathered.

When Miss Lucia sat sewing, next day, on the latticed porch, the white kitten walded demurely up the steps and sat down before her and began to wash his face.

"Go home," said Miss Lucia, severely. "Go home, sir!"

The white kitten curled over and kicked up its feet, and played with the hem of her dress.

',You ought to go home," said Miss Lucia, faintly.

Presently he found her ball of yarn, and rolled over it and tangled it into a hopeless snarl. Miss Lucia leaned back and laughed at him softly. She gave him some milk and sent him back over the wall.

The next morning she came out to the porch, and there, curled up sound asleep in her rocking-chair, lay the white kitten.

Miss Lucia looked at him helplessly. Then she sat down on the step and fell to thinking. Reuben Spofford would be very angry if he knew where his pet spent most of its time. And it should not—a soft furry body came creeping up over her shoulder and rubbing itself against her soft pink cheek. A small paw caught a fallen tress of hair.

The white kitten declined to go home at all. He enjoyed himself at Miss Lucia's for two days. Then one morning his master came around to the side porch and there he saw the white kitten climbing up over Miss Lucia's shoulder. The morning sun shone upon her head, turning the stray tendrils to golden. She was laughing merrily.

Reuben blushed and stammered something unintelligible. Miss Lucia turned quickly and the crimson surged up in her face also. She felt as if she had stolen the white kitten.

"Yes," she said, hurriedly, "he—he would uot go home. I tried to make him.

She held out the kitten to him, and Reuben Spofford thanked her and went away.

The kitten stayed home for a week. Miss Lucia knew he must be shut up in some room, for the piteous occasional walls she could hear went to her heart.

"Perhaps, Martha," she said, "perhaps they forget to feed him sometimes. It's too bad."

The white kitten escaped at last. He came back to Miss Lucia. When next she saw Reuben Spofford pass, she ran out to him and handed him his pet.

But it was of no use. It came to pass that nearly every evening Reuben Spofford was obliged to come over to Miss Lucia's and take home the kitten. The white kitten was a larger ball of furriness than ever. He had not any name except Puss, but he did not seem to mind about that. And by degrees it began to seem quite natural that Reuben Spofford should call for his pet, and sometimes tarry a little. After awhile the two even joked a little, in a half embarassed way, about the preference of the white kitten for Miss Lucia.

But Puss did not remain a kitten always, and when he became a big, soft contented cat, lying upon the rug in front of Miss Lucia's fire, and just at her feet, it was not so easy to take him home, for he decidedly objected, and mentioned the fact quite loudly.

Then Reuben Spofford offered him to Miss Lucia, as she had done several times before.

"You might as well take him," he said looking at her very earnestly. "You see he won't stay with me."

"Oh, I could not rob you of your pet," she said. "You—you think so much of him."

"Yes," he said. "But, see now, Miss Lucia, you had better take him. He is only happy with you."

She looked at him with troubled eyes. She knew it was true.

"I dont't know what to do about it," she said. "I don't want you to give him up to me."

Reuben Spofford suddenly forgot about the old feud, and how long they had been at war.

"Well," he said, "there is another way. You—you can take me, too—if you will.

Miss Lucia turned her head aside with a little startled movement. He was regarding her so earnestly.

The movement awoke the white cat at her feet. He rose, stretched himself and arched his back, and in his own audacious fashion climbed right into Miss Lucia's lap, and curled himself up to sleep again.

And of course that settled it.—Times-Democrat.

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SCIENCE AS A PEACEMAKER.

Science having lent its hand to making war will ultimately demand universal peace as its reward. The man who invented gunpowder did more for human liberty than the hands that signed the Magna Charta, for he made the baron's coat of mail to be as the peasant's jacket, and showed how his castle could be battered down. Modern science, by perfecting long range weapons, has made the most reckless kings shrink from provoking war. When a bullet from a modern soldier's rapid-firing rifle will kill a man three miles away and pierce the bodies of four men at a mile, it scarcely needs the thought of the deadly repeating cannon, which hurls forth a bushel or so balls in a minute, to advance arbitration as a popular method of settling international difficulties. And now they have been testing a new torpedo, and seem at length to have devised a weapon powerful enough to instantly destroy the most formidable war vessel, yet capable of being steered under water and hence unassailable, at a speed of 16 knots an hour at a distance of 2½ miles from the operator, so as to hit a mark the size of an ordinary ship. When the results of these experiments shall have been verified, and such torpedoes manufactured on a large scale, the contingency of one nation attacking another from the sea may be left out of future consideration, if, indeed, there should be a previous test of modern warship and modern guns against each other, and the matter still remain in doubt.

PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Are ahead of them all, chiefly among them is the display of pure liquors manufactured in the state. It is conceded that no rye whiskies made in the world can equal those made in Pennsylvania, more especially Silver Age, Duquense or Bear Creek. These three brands head the list of pure Ryes, and are so well known that every reputable dealer sells them. North East, South and West they lead all others, because they are pure; because they are reliable, and because they are stimulants that strengthen and invigorate. They are sold at prices within the reach of all, and are sold upon their merits for purity and strength. Silver Age, $1.50; Duquense, $1.25; Bear Creek, $1.00, full standard quarts. Ask your dealer for them; insist on having them, and if you cannot be supplied, send to Max Klein, Allegheny, Pa. Price list of all liquors sent on application. All goods packed neatly and securely.

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TAKING NAPOLEON TO ST. HELENA.

The century has just come in possession of one of the most unique and important historical documents of the age. It is a record of the daily life of Napoleon Bonapart on board the English ship which bore him into captivity at St. Helena, as contained in the hitherto unpublished journal of the secretary of the admiral in charge. The reports of many conversations held by the admiral with the deposed Emperor regarding his important campaign are given with great fullness, and there is much about the bearing and the personal habits of Bonapart during the voyage. The Memoirs of Las Cases contain the story of the Emperor's deportation as told by a Frenchman and a follower this diary is an English gentleman's view of the same memorable journey, and of the impression made by daily contact with the man who had had all Europe at his feet.

The diary will be published in early numbers of *The Century*.

TIME is increasing the Pension Roll by the weakening effects of age upon the bodies of those brave men who saved the Union, bringing into prominence weaknesses long since planted in the bodies of the veterans by Southern swamps and prisons, but battled against by pride and youth until now, at last, age and exposure no longer permit continued silence.

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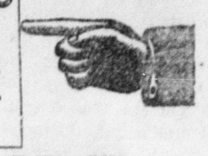
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RAILROADS.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
			Westward	
LOCK HAVEN		7 50	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	7 45	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.0	7 55	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	3.3	7 56	9 42	4 28
Eagleville—f	9.9	8 50	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	8 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	8 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	8 18	10 09	5 05
Milesburg	23.5	8 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	8 30	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	25.5	8 45	10 28	5 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	8 48	10 43	5 45
Unionville	28.5	8 55	10 51	6
Julian	32.9	9 05	11 00	6
Martha	37.0	9 13	11 09	6
Port Matilda	40.4	9 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	45.7	9 26	11 26	6
Fowler—f	45.0	9 30	11 30	6
Dix—f	46.3	9 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.3	9 38	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	9 42	11 43	6
East Tyrone	53.0	9 46	11 46	6
TYRONE	54.8	9 52	11 53	6
STATIONS			Eastward	
	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 2
East Tyrone	1.8	8 17	3 17	7 9
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 12
Bald Eagle	5.6	8 25	3 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.6	8 30	3 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 15
Howard	39.2	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 30
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.—Time in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward Dis.		Stations	Dis. Eastward		
P.M	A.M			A.M	P.M
4 50	10 00	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 40
5 05	10 18	5.3 Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 25
5 15	10 28	8.7 Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 21	10 34	10.6 Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 09
5 26	10 46	12.3 Marengo f	13.3	8 43	4 01
5 32	10 52	13.5 Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 75
5 39	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
5 43	11 02	15.8 Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 —
5 50	11 16	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 03	11 29	20.5 Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 15	11 32	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 59	3 0
6 25	11 40	25.6 TYRONE		7 50	3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.25 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.09 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.28 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.49	2.09	MONTANDON		7.50	9.16	4 55
1.5	6.16	2.08	Ar. LEWISBURG	Lv	8.20	9.09	4 47
1.5	6.18	2.08	Lv. LEWISBURG	Ar	.....	9.09	4 47
5.4	6.23	2.17	Biehl f		.....	8.57	4.39
6.8	6.28	2.22	Vicksburg f		.....	8.47	4.35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG		.....	8.38	4 27
13.1	6.42	2.36	Barber f		.....	8.33	4 22
15.2	6.47	2.41	Swengle f		.....	8.27	4 17
16.1	7.50	3.48	Millmont		.....	8.25	4.15
18.6	7.58	3.51	GLEN IRON		.....	8.17	4 07
23.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f		.....	8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f		.....	7.57	3.48
32.2	7.27	3.20	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		.....	7.48	3.40
33.9	7.31	3.25	Ingleby f		.....	7.45	3.37
36.6	7.38	4.39	Coburn		.....	7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	4.37	Zerby f		.....	7.30	3.23
43.4	7.55	4.47	Rising Springs		.....	7.21	3.14
46.2	8.02	4.53	Penn's Cave f		.....	7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01	CENTRE HALL		.....	7.06	3.01
51.6	8.16	4.07	Gregg f		.....	7.00	2.54
54.6	8.23	4.13	Linden Hall		.....	6.52	2 47
56.7	8.28	4.18	OAK HALL		.....	6.47	2 42
58.8	8.32	4.22	LEMONT		.....	6.43	2 37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f		.....	6.38	2 33
63.9	8 47	4 37	Pleasant Gap f		.....	6.28	2 23
65.2	8 50	4 40	Axeman f		.....	6.25	2 20
67.4	8 55	4 45	BELLEFONTE		.....	6.20	2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Aen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD						WESTWARD					
12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	11	
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm	
6 25		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40	
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45	
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48	
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51	
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54	
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56	
6 14		3 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00	
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03	
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05	
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10	
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12	
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19			5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24			5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29			5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35			5 30		
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumrine	7 21		11 13		5 24	
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27	
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30	

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 33 a m
"	" William'port "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 10 p m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 00 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15 p m
"	" Kane "	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 15 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily	4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	" arrive at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'ves Phila. week days	4 35 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 35 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport	10 40 p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's	9 20 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	12 30 a m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	3 25 a m
Williamsp't	" leaves Phila. Sun. only	2 25 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	5 25 p m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	8 35 p m

EASTWARD.

Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w	7 15 a m
"	" Jersey Shore.	7 41 a m
"	" Wms'port	8 15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	" Philz	3 00 a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 30 a m
"	" Renovo	10 20 a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20 a m
"	" Williamsport	12 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30 p m
"	" philadelphia	6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3 25 p m
"	" Renovo	10 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25 p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 22 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
EXP. NO. 6	leaves Erie	7 25 a m
"	" Kane	11 10 a m
"	" leaves Renovo	4 45 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	10 05 p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	lv.s Wms'port	3 25 a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	6 10 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10 20 a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't	4 00 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 30 p m
"	" arrives Philada. at	10 35 p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

LSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Republican County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN F. HARTER, of Millheim.

FOR TREASURER,
R. T. COMLEY, of Union Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
JAS. B. STROHM, of Potter Twp.,
M. E. RIDDLE, of Spring Twp.

FOR REGISTER,
J. E. RICHARDS, of Rush Twp.

FOR RECORDER,
J. L. HOLMES, of College Twp.

FOR CORONER,
DR. THOS. TOBIN, of Halfmoon.

FOR AUDITORS,
E. S. DORWORTH, of Bellefonte,
JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover, Philipsb'g	
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp	E P J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp	W P C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp	N P Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp	E P Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp	W P Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp	E P Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P, Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	E P Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Goimen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp	N P Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter "	S P Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush "	N P David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush "	S P Alexander Miller	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe	E P Alfred Lucas	SnowShoe
SnowShoe	W P John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp	N P John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring "	S P M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring "	W P W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Fort Matilda

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IS GAINING.

Whatever may be said pro or contra on the subject of woman's right to cast a ballot, it requires no prophet or the son of a prophet to see that she will soon be casting it. The ideas of men are rapidly changing on the subject, and the younger generation that has no fear of the next thing just because it is a new thing looks on this, as on a good many other old bugaboos, through entirely different spectacles from those which our fathers wore astride their noses.

With an almost appropriate inconsistency it seems, the first place where woman voted among English-speaking people was the Isle of Man. From England it made a flank movement upon America and first showed up in the far northwest. Wyoming and Kansas succumbed almost without a struggle, and the custom gained a foothold. Though it accomplishes no good, it never takes a step backward. It was thought that the movement in Kansas was dying out, but the recent election showed that the actual percentage of women voters among those who registered was greater than for the men; and the number of women who registered was surprisingly large. New York and other eastern states allow women to vote in school elections, and now the next step, that of giving them the township franchise, seems to be on the eve of adoption in Illinois and Arkansas.

Unlimited woman suffrage is a measure fraught with great dangers, but none which the America people will not successfully cope with if the nation once becomes convinced that true justice lies in that direction.—*Chicago Journal.*

Franklin College, New Athens, O., is the cheapest we know of. Catalogue free.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.

THE VETERAN CLUB PICNIC AT HUTERS PARK NEXT SATURDAY

The Veteran picnic at Hunter's Park, on Saturday, September 2nd, promises to be the greatest success in the history of the Veteran Club organization. An unusual number of distinguished guests from outside the county will be in attendance, among them ex-Lieutenant Governor Davis, Judge Greer, of Butler, General Gregg and Snowden and probably a number of Congressmen from Washington, including Stone, Sibley, Kribbs and others.

Definite arrangements have been made for railroad fare, within the county and along the line of the Tyrone and Clearfield, Bald Eagle Valley and Tyrone and Lewisburg roads, for one fare for the round trip, without special card orders. This is the best rate which has ever been given for the purpose and it is hoped that the old soldiers and their friends will manifest their appreciation of it by turning out in full force.

A special return train will leave Bellefonte over the line of the Lewisburg road at 7 o'clock p. m., in order to secure which the guarantee of one hundred passengers leaving in it has been made. This necessitates a good turnout from Lemont, Oak Hall, Boalsburg, Linden Hall, Center Hall, Rising Springs and Coburn. Let there be a generous response to this arrangement so that there will be no charge to the funds of the club for guaranteeing the train. Centre county hospitality will be taxed probably to its utmost and it is important that the baskets should be large and their contents varied. Special trains on the Bellefonte Central have been arranged so as to meet all contingencies, but the arrangement is flexible and as many can be necessary to accomodate the crowds.

JAMES A. BEAVER
President.

UNIONVILLE ITEMS.

The dry spell has been broken by a fine rain on Monday night last which thoroughly wet the ground and turned the sadness of the farmer into rejoicing that the preparation of the ground for the fall seeding can now go on with satisfaction.

Under the supervision of John Stephens, an old lumberman, a new dam has been successfully built across the Bald Eagle creek and by the late rain has been filled to overflowing. So the mill wheels will now spin and grind out the golden grain.

Elwood Fisher, John Rich and others have just returned from the World's Fair and R. E. Cambridge and J. W. Smith have gone to see the big show.

When our blacksmith is elected as prohibition sheriff he will rule with a strong arm.

B. F. Leathers has received the appointment as Postmaster for the office in this place.

The bad effect of young boys attending circus shows has been felt in this locality. One boy in imitating some circus performance fell and broke an arm, and a boy at Julian while trying a performance on horse back fell and received injuries from which he died.

Mrs. John Hicklin and daughter, of Philipsburg, have been guests at Wm. Cadwalladers for ten days.

The grammar school in this place has been granted to a young minister by the name of Karnes, so we may expect the morality of the pupils will at least be cared for.

The action of the directors in employing a teacher for the primary school is a puzzle.

The dry weather has caused the apples to fall so much that to save them cider is being made of them.

Vote for Comley for treasurer. J.

DIED IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

The Philadelphia *Record* gives the account of the death of a man who formerly lived at Altoona. In his younger days he was an expert shot with a rifle or revolver. C. M. Parish, of this place, was well acquainted with him. The *Record* says:

"Mayor Stuart has received through Governor Pattison a letter from Secretary Gresham calling attention to the death in Brussels last November of Claude Lorraine Daly, of this city. Investigation by the Mayor showed that Daly had been an expert pistol shot with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. His wife called at the Mayor's office yesterday and said she had been informed that her husband had died of cholera, and it is not likely that the body will be brought home.

BELOW COST.

William Doak desires us to say that he is repairing boots and shoes below cost, owing to the shut down of the furnaces. He wishes the poor people of Bellefonte to call at his shop on Ridge street between Bishop and Logan streets. His prices are the cheapest in town. This is a chance for the poor people that wish to save money these dull times; that Wm. Doak's prices are so cheap that you can save money. When you are in need of repairing, don't forget to call at his shop and save money. He only offers these low prices for a short time and he will see that your shoes will be repaired in first class style for the small prices.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

On Tuesday evening, September 19th, in the Court House, George A. Hilton, of California, will begin a series of temperance meetings which will probably be continued one week. These meetings will be held under the auspices of a union of all the christian organizations in Bellefonte and should be well attended. Mr. Hilton is no stranger to our people, he having been here before, and is everywhere known as one of the best informed men as well as greatest orators on the temperance question in the United States.

A THIEF CAUGHT.

A special dispatch from Renovo to the Lock Haven *Express* says John Billy, the man who stole $11,000 from D. A. Crage, the contractor at Cross Forks, Potter county, on Tuesday morning, was captured at Paddy's Run, at the home of Mr. McGill, two miles from the Philadelphia & Erie railroad Saturday morning at 8 o'clock, by Chief of Police Lee Berry, of Renovo, John Rooney, Constable of Noyes township and Hugh McGowan. Billy had $10,600 in his posession when arrested, having got rid of the silver stolen, $400. The thief was taken to Renovo, and will be taken to Cross Forks. Billy was in Renovo Friday night and purchased clothing at a store in the borough.

STORY OF THE ROBBERY.

The particulars of the robbery of Contractor Crage are as follows:

On Wednesday he went to Cross Forks to pay off his men, taking with him $11,000 in currency. The contractor carried his money in two satchels; went to his boarding house near Lyman Run, where he retired to bed about 11 o'clock, and on arising in the morning discovered his loss. The thief was at once suspected to be a Greek named John Billy, who has been in that vicinity for over a year.

An alarm was at once given and the whole force of the camp was aroused and a thorough investigation began at once. The larger of the two satchels was found about four hundred feet from the house, having been cut open with an axe and the contents removed. As the Greek, John Billy, was not to be found suspicion was at once directed to him. It was found that he had gone and taken his baggage, a satchel, with him, which still further strengthened the belief in his guilt.

All the members of Contractor Crage's force joined in the hunt, and it was not long before they found the envelopes that contained the money torn open and scattered around. The contractor's papers, which were also in one of the satchels, were found near the railroad.

Billy on the night of the robbery was supposed to be slepping in John Dougherty's barn. He ate a very early breakfast ot Dougherty's and then departed for parts unknown. It is supposed that he entered the woods between Cross Forks and Westport.

Contractor Crage believes that the thief was concealed under the bed, because the door was thoroughly bolted before he retired, but upon awakening in the morning it was open. He offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of the thief.

The articles in John Billy's satchel consisted of a tin shaving mug, a brush, two pairs of socks, a pair of overalls and a blue blouse. These things were left where the contractor's satchel was opened.

A gentleman from Westport who was in this city last night, said Billy was seen in Tamrack swamp, and it was thought he might make his way to some railroad station in the evening and board a passenger train.

A FRIEND WORTH HAVING.

The Pittsburg Times long ago established a reputation for enterprise which placed it in the front rank of the great newspapers of the country. Its latest move has been to secure a special train service which enables the Times to reach all parts of central Pennsylvania early in the day, and from one to eight hours ahead of the Philadelphia papers. The publishers of the Times have arranged to print daily all the news of this section. In addition Hon. Henry Hall, who is a member of the Times editorial staff, will furnish a series of articles on the institutions, the progress and the celebrities of these counties, which should be read by everybody. Central Pennsylvania has been neglected by the newspapers of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and it is gratifying to note that the Pittsburg Times proposes to get into touch with us. The Times is delivered by agents for six cents a week, gives all the news of the world, and should be liberally supported.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., August 21, 1893.

J. S. Frederick; Mrs. George C. Hall; Robert Hayward; Charles L. Howell; J. R. Johnson; W. F. Knopy; Robert Lytle; Miss A. B. Reed.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

EVERYBODY READS IT.

The Pittsburg Dispatch's unsurpassed special service to Washington enables it to publish the fullest accounts of the doings of Congress. Daily letters from the World's Fair, sporting news, full base ball reports and interesting fiction by brilliant authors each day are among its special features. Rider Haggard's story now being published in the Sunday issue surpasses all previous efforts of this great author.

—There were eight camps at the P. O. S. of A. picnic at Hunter's Park last Friday. Everyone that went had the best kind of a time. There were several speakers among whom were Frederick Dunham, who astonished everyone with his ready talk. Rev. Young, of Pleasant Gap; E E Erhard, of Bellefonte; Jacob Curns of Coburn; David Holmes, of State College; Zeb Bathurst, of Bellefonte.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

Geo. K Weber et ux and Jonas Weber et ux to C C Loose and Henry Meyer. Dated May 2, 1892. For 9 10 part of tract timber land in Miles township Consideration $1,620.

Willis J Weber et ux to C C Loose and Henry Meyer. For one tenth part of timber land in Miles township. Consideration $180.

Wm Boggs et ux to Wm C Groves. For premises in Boggs township. Deed Dated April 17, 1888. Consideration $850.

A L Whitehill et al to Jacob I Weber. Dated September 8, 1892. For premises in Boalsburg. Consideration $400.

Charles Whitehill et ux and Elmer W. Evey to Jacob P Weber. Dated September 20, 1892. For lot of ground in Boalsburg. Consideration nominal.

Mary M Wensil to Harry Glossner. Dated March 28, 1892. For tract of land in Liberty township. Consideration $1000.

Mrs. Mary Kunes et baron to Susan Bitner. Dated July 15, 1892. For lot of ground in Eagleville. Consideration $130.

Saml Lyons et ux to Albert Lyons heirs. Dated September 30, 1884. For 5 acres of ground in Spring township. Consideration $60.

Jacob Stine et ux to Geo Yarnell. Dated October 3, 1889. For lot of ground in Walker township. Consideration $108.

Jas H McEwen et ux to Coda B Kreps. Dated July 29, 1893. For lot of ground in Unionville. Consideration $100.

John P Harris to Thomas Donachy. Dated July 28, 1887. For lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration. $300.

J. H. Ross et ux and A E Meyer et ux to Henry Ritz. Dated July 1, 1893. For 152 acres of land in Harris township. Consideration $950.

Mary A Shirk to Frank M Coy et al. Dated June 30, 1889. For lot of ground in Milesburg. Consideration $525.

Mary Haines et al to Emma Casselberry. Dated September 11, 1893. For interest in lot of ground in Howard township. Consideration nominal.

Mary Hanes et al to Eliza Hanes. Dated Semptember 11, 1892. For ¼ interest in lot of ground in Howard township. Consideratiou nominal.

Geo. W. Scholl et al to Frederick Houser. Dated June 14, 1893. For lot of ground in College township. Consideration. $1050,

A Gross et ux to Mary A Twigg. Dated December 18, 1883. For tract of land in Rush township. Consideration $75.

Eliza McMullin to James McMullin. Dated November 30, 1892. For a certain piece of land in Boggs township. Consideration $250.

John Royer et ux to John Baney. Dated August 1, 1893. For certain piece of ground in Walker township. Consideration. $100.

Charles M Franck et ux to Maurice Franck. Dated August 11, 1892. For a piece of ground situated in South Philipsburg. Consideration $75.

Maurice E Franck to Emmu Franck. Dated August 13, 1892. For a piece of ground in South Philipsburg. Consideration nominal.

Adam Hoy et ux to Jonathan Tressler. Dated April 1, 1884. For 31 acres and 119 perches of land in Benner township. Consideration $95.25.

William Lee et ux to Andrew J Horner. Dated August 7, 1893 For 3 acres and 63 perches of timber land in Potter township. Consideration $169.34.

William Klinefelter et ux to Andrew J Horner. Dated February 11, 1883. For 2 acres and 121 perches of land in Potter township. Consideration $55.

George R Loder admr etc to Thomas Bowers. Dated 3rd day of May, 1887. For a tract of land in Howard township Consideration $1500.

H A Williams et ux to Mrs. Ella C Storm. Dated October 20. 1888. For lot of ground in Bellefonte borough. Consideration $2000.

James B Horner et ux to William Runkle. Dated August 16, 1893. All right title and interest in a certain tract of land in Potter township. Consideration $25.

John J Gramley et ux to Ada B Yocum. Dated April 4, 1890. For 126 perches of land in Walker township. Consideration. $59.

Solomon Confer et ux to W C Grove. Dated July 3, 1891. For lot of ground in Milesburg borough. Consideration $600.

Joseph Vanatta to William C Grove. Dated August 6, 1883. For lot of ground in Milesburg borough. Consideration $225.50.

Owen Kelley et ux to John L Shope. Dated March 21, 1886. For a certain lot of ground in Milesburg borough. Consideration $1200.

Joseph Royer et ux to Sarah Lucas. Dated July 16, 1889. For a piece of land in Howard borough. Consideration $20.

Joseph Eves & Heirs of Hannah M Eves (deceased) to Henry Stevens. Dated April 21, 1893. For a certain piece of land in Half Moon township. Consideration $60.

The Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. to Ophelia Dunlap. Dated June 19, 1893. For a certain tract of land in Rush township. Consideration $250.

Jacob Snavely et ux to Penn School District. Dated October 14, 1889. For a piece of ground in Penn township. Consideration $1.

John Dinges to Penn School District. Dated January 3, 1880. For a certain tract of land in Penn township. Consideration $1.

John Everhart to John O Campbell. Dated April 1, 1889. For a certain tract of land in Harris township. Consideration $848.

A W Cambell exr to Martha Everhart et al. Dated May 2, 1882. For tract of land in Ferguson township. Consideration $1000.

Caroline V Woodring et al to Winfield S Robinson. Dated March 12, 1890. For a parcel of ground in Worth township. Consideration $330.

Budd Thompson to Caroline V Woodring. Dated November 26, 1886. For lot of ground in Worth township. Consideration $50.

James McKinley et ux to William McKinley. Dated June 28, 1893. For a certain lot of ground in Boggs. Consideration $100.

Philip Collins et ux to Isabella Barnhart. Dated June 5, 1893. For a lot of ground in Spring township. Consideration $150.

Samuel Lyons, Sr., et ux to Samuel Lyons, Jr., and his heirs. Dated December 20, 1884. For a certain piece of land in Spring township. Consideration $40.

Mary Ann Fetzer to Harriet A Loyd. Dated July 31, 1893. For two pieces of ground situated in Central City, Boggs township. Consideration $375.

Francis Allen et ux to Mary Ann Fetzer. Dated July 17, 1893. For two certain lots situated in Central City, Boggs township. Consideration $375.

James McMullen et ux to Martha E. Oswalt. Dated June 23, 1891, For a certain lot of ground situated in Central City, Boggs township. Consideration $550.

SUGGESTIONS CONTAINED IN THE POPULAR SUMMER GUIDE BOOK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY.

Complimented by the press and indorsed by tourists and practical travelers, the Summer Excursion book of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of this year's issue has become, in consequence of these recommendations and its own real worth, a most highly-prized compilation. The many and diversified routes, including every road of prominence within the great summer belt of Eastern United States, offer those contemplating an early fall trip an opportunity of choosing new and interesting means of reaching their destinations. A list of hotels is appended to each resort, which it is self-evident adds materially to the value.

The month of September being probably the finest month in the year in which to travel, an increased demand for this graphic production has become noticeable, and that all may avail themselves of the manifold advantages to be derived from an inspection of its plain and concise yet elegant and complete descriptions of a thousand places within a radius of a thousand miles, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's Passenger Department will mail the book mentioned to any address upon receipt of 20 cents in stamps. A nominal sum merely, with cost of postage added. Copies may also be obtained from Ticket Agents of the company.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."



Mrs. Theresa Hartson

"For fourteen years I have suffered with kidney troubles; my back so lame that sometimes **I Could Not Raise Myself** up out of my chair, nor turn myself in bed. I could not sleep, and suffered great distress with my food. I have taken four bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel like a new person, and my terrible sufferings have all gone. Life is comfort compared to the misery it used to be." MRS. THERESA HARTSON, Albion, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

ASK FOR AND TRY

Manners DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and CURE for

RHEUMATISM.

RHEUMATISM is one of the worst diseases which arises from Bad Blood. By using MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA you can rid yourself of this dread disease.

Manners Sarsaparilla Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:
GENTS: I was a constant sufferer from Rheumatism, often unable to leave my chair. In the winter of 1889 I paid over $65 for doctor bills. I tried your Double Extract Sarsaparilla, and it made a well man of me. I will ever be a staunch friend of Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. Yours truly,
ROSCOE P. JAMES, Allegheny, Pa.

50¢ PER BOTTLE
THE WORLD OVER.
MFG. BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO.
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

A ROAD SUGGESTION.

One Way for the Government to Utilize the Army of Unemployed.

A correspondent suggests the following in a communication to the New York *Herald*: Cannot Congress stretch a point and place the control of highways in the hands of the Federal Government, either for possible strategic purpose or purposes of inter-State commerce? It would then be comparatively easy to find work for many of the unemployed in building roads where most needed, and as in that case the work would be done under supervision of the United States Corps of Engineers, uniformity and economy would be attained.

Our roads are, generally speaking, a by—word and a reproach, and their badness cannot be excelled in the civilized portion of the world, except by those of some of the South American republics. The States benefited might be made to bear a certain proportion of the expenses, and could such a plan be carried out we would not only relieve much of the distress, preventing possible starvation riots, but give good roads to a country sorely in need of them.

Not what we say, but what **the people say** is what sells DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. **Be sure it is made in Belfast, Maine.**



A. H. DOANE.

CURED! CURED!! CURED!!!

"Enlargmeent of Liver and Spleen with Kidney Trouble."

LEADING PHYSICIANS IN CHICAGO, DETROIT AND BOSTON

Tried, Tried and Tried

But 5 Bottles of Dana's BEAT THEM ALL!

READER, IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT THE TRUTH OF THE FOLLOWING, INVESTIGATE FOR YOURSELF. OUR TESTIMONIALS ARE ALWAYS TRUE. PARDON US FOR SAYING, "DANA'S IS THE KIND THAT CURES.

HAMPDEN, ME.,

Gentlemen:—I have received so much benefit from the use of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA that **I feel it my duty** to write you regarding my case. For years I have been troubled with **Enlargement** of the **Liver and Spleen,** also had **Kidney Trouble.** I was so bad that **for two years I was unable to work. For weeks was unable to get from the bed to a chair without help.** I have doctored in **Chicago, Detroit** and **Boston** without receiving any benefit. In I doctored with **THAT** Detroit different Doctors, **eight spent hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit.** I came to the State of Maine and, by the advice of Mr. Baker, tried a bottle of your SARSAPARILLA, and **I received so much benefit that CURES I took four more, and to-day I am a well man.**

You are at liberty to publish this, and I will stand behind it.

Respectfully yours,
A. H. DOANE.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast Maine.

$40.00 Worth of Music for $1.50

The New York Musical Echo, the handsomest musical publication in the world, contains the best selection of music, both vocal and instrumental, ever published. Each month contains 32 pages of music, full sheet music size, and a life size portrait of some beautiful actress on the cover. Keep the Echoes together and you will have a grand portfolio of music.

MONTHLY, 15 cts.; YEARLY, $1.50 postpaid. Subscribe at once so as to get all the pretty pieces we are publishing. Address,

New York Musical Echo Co.,
Broadway Theatre Building, NEW YORK CITY.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came upon the premises of the subscriber in Taylor Township, Centre county, Pa., about August 1, a Jersey colored Bull. Refusing to leave the farm and showing a disposition to be cross, this bull was entered in township book August 5, 1893. There are no ear marks but there is a ring in the bull's nose and he appears to be about 18 months old. Owner is requested to prove property, pay damages and take the animal away, or it will be disposed of according to law.

D. H. DEAN
Port Matilda, Pa.
Vol 24 No 32 3t

GOLD INVESTMENT.

Safe, Sure and Reliable.

A Gold producing enterprise under the control of men of high standing, widely known in public life and of unquestionable integrity, which guarantees honest, prudent and efficient management.

Data:—Productions during the last two fiscal years, - - $1,323,772
At present available, - - 1,445,080

Send to undersigned, authorized agent for sale of Treasury Stock, for full particulars.

J. T. BAILEY, 56 Broadway, New York
8t 44

WHEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, Chicago, be sure to call at the unique exhibit of

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

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TO MAJOR HOKE SMITH.

An Appeal in the Courts Against Oppression of Pensioners.

A dispatch from Washington to the New York Press last week gives the announcement that Colonel Charles P. Lincoln ex-Deputy Commissioner of Pensionn now practicing law in Washington, would bring to a test in court the legality of the action of Secretary Hoke Smith, in his wholesale suspension of pensions granted by his predecessor, under the act of June 27, 1890. Being an old soldier himself and prominent in the Grand Army, Mr. Lincoln is devoted to the interest of the comrades, while his position at the bar makes his opinions of expert value. Mr. Lincoln was asked by the Press correspondent to explain some of the legal points which he would raise in bringing such a suit.

The suit would be brought in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and it would probably take the form of a mandamus to enjoin the Secretary of the Interior from continuing his suspension of pensions. It may be that the bringing of such proceedings will be delayed pending the action of the Senate upon the resolutions introduced by Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire the other day, looking to an investigation of this very subject. Mr. Lincoln carefully went over the entire question, citing authorities and decisions in support of his main contention, which is that one Secretary of the Interior has no right to undo the act of his predecessor. Mr. Lincoln said:

MR. LINCOLN'S VIEWS.

"While the Supreme Court of the United States has decided in ex rel. Ward B. Burnett vs. Henry M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, 107th United States, page 353, that 'no pensioner has a vested right to his pension,' he has a legal right, and one which the Secretary of the Interior has no authority to deprive him of, except as provided by law, that such review of an act already adjudicated, and a reduction or suspension of pension can only be made by him where the perpetration of fraud in procuring the pension is charged, or where there has been a decease or cessation of the disability for which pension was granted.

"Under section 4,744 of the Revised Statutes the Commissioner was authorized to investigate any attempts at the fraud on the government under the Pension law. This section was amended July, 1882, so as to authorize the Commissioner to make special examination into the merits of pension claims, whether pending or adjudicated, and to aid in the prosecution of any party appearing to be guilty of fraud. It is contended that this amendment only broadens the Commissioner's or Secretary's authority, permitting him to investigate adjudicated as well as pending cases, for the purpose of its framers was merely to extend the power of the Commissioner to the investigation of fraud perpetrated in securing the adjudication of claims.

NO FRAUD CHARGED.

"Now, the point is that fraud is not charged, and there is no evidence of fraud in any of the cases now being suspended under the new act of June 27, 1890. They are suspended, not for fraud alleged or suspected, and not because there has been any alleged change in the degree of the disability shown upon the adjudication of their claim under the last Administration. These suspensions are being made solely because of a difference in the interpretation of the act of June 27, 1890, by the last Administration and by this. The interpretation by the present Administration requires a greater degree of disability to entitle a pension than was required under the previous Administration.

"This is shown by the decision of Secretary Smith, dated May 27, 1893, in the case of Charles T. Bennett. Under that decision Secretary Smith, in commenting upon the interpretation of the statute by the previous Administration, which he held to be erroneous, says: 'It is hardly necessary to present argument or to support by authority the proposition that neither the Secretary nor the Commissioner can by order or practice supersede an act of Congress. The power of the department, so far as order on practice are concerned, is limited to an execution of the law, which ceases when an effort is made to supersede the law.'

SMITH EXCEEDS HIS POWERS.

"I concur fully with the Secretary in this statement, and the law as interpreted by the last Administration is the law as far as cases adjudicated under it are concerned. Neither the Secretary nor Commissioner can by order or practice supersede that law. The law prior to June 21, 1879, provided for biennial medical examinations of all pensioners with the view of ascertaining whether there had been any change in the degree of disability for which they were pensioned.

"The law requiring these biennial examinations was repealed June 21, 1879, with the provision that the Commissioner of Pensions shall have the same power 'as heretofore' to order special examinations whenever in his judgment, the same may be necessary, and to increase or reduce the pension according to right and justice, but in no case shall there be a pension reduced or withdrawn, except on notice to the pensioner, and a hearing upon sworn testimony, except as to the certificate of the examination.

The power referred to as possessed by the Commissioner of Pensions to order special examinations is found in section 4,775, Revised Statutes, which says:

"Examining surgeons, duly appointed by the Commissioner of Pensions, and such other qualified surgeons as may be employed in the Pension Office, may be required by him, from time to time, as he deems for the interest of the government, to make special examinations of pensions, or applicants for pensions. Showing conclusively for the purpose, as heretofore stated, of discovering a change, if any, in the degree of the pensioner's disability. Therefore only upon the discovery by such medical examination of a change in the degree of pensioners, disabilities has the Secretary or Commission the authority to reduce, increase or in any wise change the rate of pension previously allowed.

"When a pension certificate has been signed, recorded and delivered to the pensioner, it confers upon him rights, under the pension laws which cannot be disturbed except as directed by the statute—that is, first, where fraud has been perpetrated in securing the issuance of a certificate; second, where it appears that the disabilities for which pension is granted has ceased, or diminished in degree. A pension is only granted after all the requirements of the law have been fully met in the judgment of the authorities having in charge the execution of the pension laws, and after a pension has been granted there is no power vested in the authorities to disturb their rights, except in accordance with the terms above stated.

"Now, I claim that all those who were pensioned under the act of June 27, 1890, by the last Administration met at all requirements necessary in the judgment of the authorities then having in charge the execution of the pension laws. Before the pension authorities will reopen a claim for the purpose of reviewing and readjudicating it, upon the application of a claimant or pensioner, they require the applicant to produce new, important and additional testimony, which was not accessible at the time of the original adjudication of his case.

ILLEGAL INTERPRETATION.

"This being true, why should not this rule apply to the government while it, on its own motion, undertakes to reopen, review and readjudicate a pension? Instead of following this rule the present Administration requires the pensioner to produce additional evidence, showing his title to a pension already granted under the requirements of law. An examination of the authorities will convince any person familiar with the subject, or any candid mind, of the absolute illegality of the action of the present Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Pensions in applying their interpretation of the act of 27th of June, 1890, to cases adjudicated under that act by their predecessors possessing authority with themselves. Department decisions—Noah H. Tiner, vol. 1, page 21; Birney Hoyt, vol. 1, page 70; Rowland W. Jones, vol. 1, page 172; Samuel Wardlow, vol. 1, page 266; James Scooney, vol, 1, page 372; S. C. Arterbury, vol. 1, page 378.

"The following are decisions of Secretary Lamar and Assistant Secretary Hawkins in the year of 1888 bearing upon this question. An opinion of Attorney General Devens is as follows:

"'It is forbidden by a rule of administrative practice, which was stated, and the reason therefor ably presented by Attorney General Wirt in 1825 (two opinions), and which has since been frequently restated by other Attorneys General (14 Opinions, 22.357), that the official act of a previous Administration are to be considered by its successor as final, so far as the Executive is concerned.'

"Mr. Devens also remarks that, in the case befere him, 'there appears to have been no controversy as to the facts, but it rests entirely upon alleged error in the decisions of the last administration in the construction of a statute. Under these circumstances, I think the former action upon the case cannot be reviewed.'

"There are several decisions by the Supreme Court bearing directly upon this principle and upholding the opinion as to departmental practice set forth by Attorney General Devens."

—Last Sunday morning William Reese, an old soldier, the father of Washington Reese, the assistant post master of Bellefonte was taken suddenly ill and a neighbor was dispatched for the son, who was at church, with the message that his father was dying. This was not the case, however. The son called the assistance of Geo. F Harris, who pronounces the attack a slight stroke of apoplexy. He was walking about the house when he suddenly fell to the floor unconscious. He is a man about seventy years of age and has always been hale and hearty. He is "a fine old English gentleman" and has many friends in Bellefonte. We hope to hear of his speedy recovery to perfect health.

—Last Thursday the work of laying rails on the new railroad commenced at Mill-Hall and they are working this way. It is said that they will lay one mile a day; the boss contractor says he expects to have all the grading done before the equinoctial storms commence. There are many very heavy stones to be used in abutments and these will now be moved on cars. There is no doubt but that the new railroad will be ready for business on or before Jan 1, 1894, and it should be a great help to Bellefonte business-men and others on the line of the road.

You don't know how much better you will feel if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will drive off that tired feeling and make you strong.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

At this particular time, book agents are busily engaged in many places in inducing boards to adopt, under the new free text book law, unrevised and inferior physiologies. Parents should be on the alert if they want truth and not error taught to their children. The best text-books on this topic, many of which are revisions of old books, have received the endorsement of prominent educators, which endorsement can be found on their title pages. There is an excellent variety of them, and, no excuse whatever exists for the retention or adoption of antiquated and defective books. There would have been no need of revision if the old books had not been defective and ill graded; full of long technical terms, rendering the study difficult for the pupils. In the revised books these faults are corrected. Some schools boards are induced to buy charts, with one book for the teacher, instead of placing books in hands of the pupils who can read. Physiology and Hygiene is, by law, a regular study like Geograpy. Geography is not taught without books, though maps are used. Charts cannot take the place of books in the hands of pupils, and at best can only be supplementary. The attempt to make them take the place of text books in the study of Physiology and Hygiene, is a violation of the law, and will make the study a failure. The School Laws and Decisions of Pennsylvania, edition of 1892, page 115, paragraph 163, contains the following in relation to this study:—"The subject must be symstematically studied as well as taught, which cannot be done without text books in the hands of the scholars. The proper preparation of the lessons assigned to the pupils in the daily exercises of the schools, makes the use of text books absolutely necessary, even if the law did not peremptorily require their general introduction, as it does in this instance." Another section prescribes oral instruction for pupils too young to use books.

Parents should keep a strict watch on this innovation of using charts instead of text books in the hands of the pupils. It may not be generally known that several school boards in the State have forfeited the State appropriation to which they would have been entitled, through failure to fulfil the provision of the law relating to Physiology and Hygiene. This law provides that every pupil in every department of the public schools shall be taught as a regular study, the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system. School boards which do not provide this teaching for all pupils as the law requires, cannot truthfully sign the Affidavit and Certificate which must be returned to the State Department of Public Instruction in order to secure the appropriation and any school board which does sign this when the study has not been taught as a *regular* study to every pupil, is simply swearing or affirming what is not true. Here is something for the voters who elect such a school board to reflect upon.

This warning teaching to which every pupil is entitled, is apt to be especially neglected in the primary grades; while it is in these grades that it should be most carefully taught, because 60 per cent. of all pupils never get to the higher grades at all. Parents and all citizens who regard the best interests of the young, should by their watchfulness, help them to receive this teaching, which may be of such lasting value.

MARY F LOVELL, BRYN MAWR. PA., Superintendent of Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction in W. C. T. U. of Pennsylvania.

TEMPERANCE LECTURES.

Geo. A. Hilton, of California, will commence a series of temperance meetings at the Court House in Bellefonte on Tuesday evening, Sept. 19. These are union meetings at which all persons interested in the cause of temperance should take an active interest. The Binghampton *Republican* in speaking of Mr. Hilton says:

"Major Hilton's style and manner of presenting his subject is of no ordinary character, and so far above the average of that to which the public has of late been accustomed, that the most skeptical cannot escape conviction, though they may not show it by action. Undeniable Gospel truth, startling facts, and keen thrusts at all the popular views of the day are interwoven with onslaughts upon the iniquities of the liquor traffic. The closing illustration of last night caused many in the audience to rise irresistably to their feet, being as it were, made participators in the thrilling scene so graphically presented. This evangelist undoubtedly ranks among the logically strong and powerfully practical public educators of the day."

Prof. M. C. Ihlseng, who for a long term has been the head of the Colorada school of Mines, has been chosen as the head of the department of Mining Engineering at the Pennsylvania State College. He has just reached the College and is busily engaged in arranging his department for work at the opening of the College year, September 13th. He will be ably assisted by Prof. Stoek, formerly of Lehigh University, and Prof Hopkins, late of the Geological survey of Arkansas, so that the department will take high rank as a school of mines at its inception. Prof. Ihlseng will spend some time in the mining regions of Pennsylvania before the College term opens to become more familiar with the needs of our mining interests and to become acquainted with our people.

Tobacco is injurious! Stop it by taking Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets. All first class druggists sell them.

BEN.

In the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains is still standing the ruins of an old cabin.

Forty-three years ago the logs composing its sides, although rough and uplaned, were in good order; the clay chimney stood upright, and through the chinks between the logs a ruddy light shone. The snow was still lying in patches on the ground round about the cabin, while up the steep mountain path the trail wound like a black snake over the whiteness on either side.

Inside the cabin all was as snug as the homely means at hand could make it. A huge fire of oak logs occupied one end of the only room the cabin contained. Over the fire was suspended, on an iron crane, a rusty pot, in which something was boiling, sending forth the rich aroma of onions, pepper, bacon and other compounds.

A young man in the rough garb of a miner knelt before the hearth, holding a rasher of bacon over the few coals he had raked out on the stones. An interested spectator was the faithful companion of all his wanderings, his dog "Ben." Harry Brandt had been in the mines of Nevada County for two years, yet had not found the fortune he had crossed the seas to seek.

To-night was the 'eve of St. Valentine, and our hero was a bit home-sick, to dissipate which weakness he talked to the dog.

"Sorry a valentine we'll get, old man. The saint has forsaken this end of creation." The dog looked knowing, and gave his tail a gentle tap on the floor. "Smells good doesn't it boy?" removing the lid of the swinging pot and peering into it.

And satisfying himself that the stew was sufficiently cooked, he dipped out a generous portion of it into a tin dish, and set it out on the snow to cool for Ben. His own meal was then dished up and set upon one end of the pine table, sans tablecloth, and our hero sat down on a bench before it and "fell to."

Before, however, settling down to his own meal, he went out and brought in Ben's dinner from the snow, and placed it on the floor beside him. These two had not eaten a meal apart since they met, the first day Brandt set foot in California.

"If ever I do strike it rich, old man, it'll mean a big blow-out for your royal highness. Sabe?" The dog wagged his tail and winked one eye knowingly. Brandt took from his bosom a soiled paper package, and carefully unrolling it, revealed to the watchful eyes of Ben a small lump of gold. "It's all that's left us, old man," he said: then with sudden facetiousness, he held it to the dog's nose, saying: "See him."

The settle was alert in an instant, and smelling all over the small specimen, carefully and understandingly, rushed out of the cabin, and deaf to all whistling and commands of his master, disappeared in the darkness.

"Well, I'll be switched!" ejaculated the young fellow, coming back after a fruitless search in the vicinity of the cabin, "who would have thought he would take a fellow at his word, in that manner?" After the moon rose, lighting the mountain side for a long distance, he went to the door more than once to look out, but neither hide nor hair of the dog could be seen, and he returned to the fire, more disconsolate and miserable than ever.

The evening passed and Brandt still sat by the fire. He had no heart to go to bed and leave Ben outside. But, after many fruitless journeys to the door and back again, he threw himself on the bed all dressed as he was and went to sleep. The sun streaming across his face the next morning awoke him, and he sprang up with a vague hope at his heart. But Ben was not there. He whistled loud and long, but no Ben responded to the familiar call, and he shouldered his pick and shovel for his daily tramp up the trail to his "lead" with a heavy heart. No faithful friend trotted before him this morning, looking back, ever and anon, for a word of kindness from his master.

It was a long, lomesone day and resulted as all the previous days had resulted, in failure. He could not eat his supper, but sat by the fire moody and heartsick. In this frame of mind he fell, first into walking, then to sleep and actual dreams. He thought that the latch was lifted, and the dark, athletic form of an Indian came noiseless to the fire and stood looking down at him. He was wrapped in the folds of a long gray blanket, the corner of which he had drawn over his head. He did not utter a word, but stood silently looking down at our hero. As Brandt looked up into the dark face, fascinated by the fixed gage of those penetrating eyes, it seemed to undergo a change. The nose elongated; the long, coarse hair on either side the head grew curling and glossy, and assumed the shape of ears; the face itself became covered with a growth of short dark hair. He had almost exclaimed, "It is Ben," when his visitor suddenly dropped on all fours and trotted toward the door. Impelled by what force he knew not, Brandt arose and followed after. Out in the moonlight he saw that the blanket the Indian wore was the old flannel shirt he had thrown down some time ago for Ben's bed. His strange guide bounded forward straight up the mountain path, and it seemed to Brandt that he followed after with incredible speed. The direction they took was over the same trail he had so often trod in the past two years but the rapid figure ahead did not halt at the "shaft," but kept straight on Some 20 rods further he turned and doubled on his track. This maneuver he repeated several times, then went ahead again, Brandt following. Now the path was crooked and uneven; now darting straight up the side of the mountain, then plunging as abruptly down again. In this manner they followed a course that took them through unbroken paths of trees and over ground quite unfamiliar to Brandt. Suddenly with the strange second sight of dreams, he realized that the dark splotches on the snow ahead of him were blood; and even in his dream, his own blood ran cold.

At this juncture the form ahead of him suddenly stopped short, and Bandt, who was but a few paces behind, pulled up just in time to avoid stepping into a dark, cavernous hole that yawned at his feet, and all about the margin the snow was splashed with the dark red blood, while up from the cavern at his feet issued a faint groan. A cold shiver passed over his frame, the real cold of the snow and night air, and the feeling of returning consciousness. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him; he really stood on the mountain side, and not far from home. He could see his cabin at a little distance. But he was on the opposite side of the mountain from his claim. He must have gone clear around it in his dream. But how did he come there at dead of night, and led by what unseen hand!

He was a coward. A lifeless in the mines of California in those days did not tend to lessen a man's courage; but a feeling not unlike the crawling of a slimy snake down his spine crept over him when he looked about and found everything exactly as he had seen it in his dream. There was the pathway by which he had come and on that pathway were—horrors. The patches of dark red blood!

"God!" The ejaculation escaped his lips involuntarily. At his feet yawned the dark cavern of his dreams, and again, as then, he heard the faint groan. Conquering an impulse to put distance between that dark hole and himself, he stood still and listened. The groan was repeated. No! not a groan—a whine. The truth came to him like a flash. "It is Ben!"

That thought dispelled all lesser ideas, and lying down in the snow, he peered into the hole, calling: "Ben, dear boy, are you there?" A glad whine, a soft tap of his tail responded.

"Good boy, be patient, I'll get you out," and he darted down the side of the mountain, taking the shortest cut to his cabin, regardless of the fact that his feet might at any moment run into some overgrown shaft. It was but a simple task to gather up a blanket from his bed, a strong rope, his pick and shovel and a dark lantern, and hurry back to the spot, where he had left the dog.

Climbing down into the shaft, he found that it was not deep, and the entrance to a tunnel, half-way inside of which Ben lay. A hasty examination of the dog showed that the wound consisted of a pretty badly lacerated shoulder, probably being the result of running against something sharp on his way to the mine. This accounted for the blood on the snow; and after losing considerable blood, the dog was unable to get out of the shaft, and in some occult manner, this fact was communicated to his master.

Brandt did not waste time upon speculation as to the cause of his dog's condition, but quickly bound up the shoulder in strips of rags which he had brought for that purpose. The dog submitted to this operation with his usual good sense and fortitude, but when his master attempted to move him, he resisted with all his might. Finding resistance in vain, he struggled to his feet, and looking up into his master's face, with the well-understood look of intelligence Brandt had so often seen there he pressed his nose down to the spot upon which he had lain.

Brandt put his lantern down close to the ground, and examined it carefully. In spite of his wounded shoulder, Ben wriggled about in the fashion dogs have of showing their satisfaction. A smothered ejaculation broke from the young man. He had put his lantern close down to a nugget of gold as large as his fist. Ben licked his master's hand, and wriggled almost out of his skin in his delight.

Brandt tied up the nugget in the corner of the blanket, and looked about for more. Every blow of his pick yielded a piece of earth rich with the precious metal. The young fellow, disappointed for so long, and now seeing his best hopes more than realized, felt his brain reeling, and had to put his head up out of the shaft for air, in order to regain his senses, which he felt were fast deserting him. Then he sat down on the ground and, putting his arms about the neck of the faithful animal, burst into tears. Ben sat upright, like a martyr, bearing the added pain that the weight of his master's arms about his neck inflicted without a murmur.

"You've won your spurs to-night, old fellow, and you shall wear them, or I'm a duffer!" he cried, when he had recovered his equilibrium and dog and master were on their way to the cabin.

Without a word to the other miners Brandt worked his claim, until he had satisfied himself that it was really a "find" and not merely a "pocket," as so many leads proved to be in those days of suddenly realized fortunes, and as sudden disappointments. Then he staked it off and posted the accustomed notices of warning to trespassers. A visit to Nevada City was next in order to have his property duly recorded. Moneyed speculators in San Francisco got wind of the mine, and paid a visit, the result of which was the exchange of all his right and title for the snug sum of $5,000,000.

The very next ship that sailed, outward bound, through the Golden Gate, bore as "cabin passengers, Harry Brandt and his dog Ben, the latter in the proud possession of a brand new collar, the finest that could be produced, in those days, by San Francisco silversmiths.—Utica Globe.



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BELLEFONTE, PA.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

SLEPT AT HIS POST.

A Young Soldier's Offense and His Pardon by President Lincoln.

A seventeen-year-old boy, named Herbert Beckwith, went from the high school of his native town into one of the New York regiments early in the war. He came of an excellent family. His father was a warm friend of Connecticut's war governor, Buckingham, and he reluctantly let the boy go into the army, feeling that he had done his share, as an elder brother was one of the first to respond to Lincoln's call. Young Beckwith pleaded so hard that his father gave him his blessing and told him to be a brave soldier and always to bear in mind, amid the temptations of the camp, the lessons he had received at his home.

Beckwith, though a mere lad, was a model soldier, and gained the favor of his officers and the friendship of his companions. They had been fighting steadily for four or five days in the Chickahominy swamps and for two nights Beckwith had had scarcely any sleep. One night he did not sleep at all, and the next not more than two hours. The third night he was on picket duty, but was so utterly fagged out that he could scarcely see when placed on post. At midnight, when the relief came, the officer of the guard saw Beckwith standing motionless. The customary challenge was not sent by the picket. The officer spoke, but there was no response, and approaching Beckwith



HE SHOOK THE PICKET.

he called again without receiving an answer. Then he roughly shook the picket, who in a dazed and bewildered sort of way came to his senses, and then it was discovered that Beckwith had been sleeping at his post. He was standing almost erect, but was leaning slightly on his gun, the butt of which was placed between his feet.

Of course there had to be a court-martial. Beckwith, when called to make his defense, said that when he went on the post he found that he was, to use his expression, "almost killed with sleep." To keep awake he walked rapidly back and forth, pinched himself, and suffered every terror lest he should, before he became aware of it, succumb to drowsiness. At last he heard what he thought was a noise and stopped to listen, and that was the last he remembered until he was awakened by the corporal of the guard. He said he must have fallen asleep as suddenly as if he had become unconscious by a blow. He did not plead for mercy, but simply told his story, and everyone who heard it knew he told the truth.

But there was no help for him. He had been caught sleeping at his post and in the face of the enemy, and he was convicted and sentenced to be shot It was plain that the officers, although they appeared to be stern, would be secretly rejoiced if the president failed to approve the sentence, and one or two of Beckwith's friends, getting brief leaves of absence, went to the nearest telegraph station and sent a message to his father, stating that Herbert had been court-martialed and would be shot as soon as the president approved the sentence. Within an hour Mr. Beckwith was closeted with Gov. Buckingham, and within two hours the governor, laying aside his great cares, was on his way to Washington. He saw President Lincoln, told him that Herbert had been a Sunday-school scholar of his, that he was true as steel, and insisted that there must be some extenuating circumstances. Mr. Lincoln was much affected, and the next day when he received the report of the court-martial and read a summary of young Beckwith's statement he turned to Buckingham with tears in his eyes and said: "Governor, I should feel like a murderer if I approved this sentence on these papers. I will not approve it, but I will send for some one who knows the facts so that I can learn more about it." Three days later Beckwith, who was in the guard house, was called upon by an officer who simply said: "Herbert, the president has pardoned you. Go back to your company and report yourself."

During the rest of the peninsula campaign, and especially at the battle of Atietam and Gettysburg, young Beckwith showed himself so good a soldier that he was promoted. At Fredericksburg he displayed remarkable courage. In the Chancellorsville campaign he was taken prisoner and was removed to Andersonville, where he remained nine months. Exchanged at the end of that time, he, with other living skeletons, was brought north by transport and placed in the hospital at Baltimore. His weight was not over ninety pounds, although it was one hundred and fifty when he went into the army, and the surgeons said the poor fellow would die, for his vitality had been sapped. One morning the nurse and two of his family friends, who were with him trying to coax him back to life, were amazed to see him open his eyes with the glance of consciousness in them. He asked in a whisper where he was, and they told him, and a smile played on his lips as though he was rejoiced to be under the old flag again. He made a sign and the nurse, bending over him, heard him whisper: "Put me where I can see the flag," and they drew his cot near a window through which he could see the camp flag floating upon a staff. A look of unutterable joy came over the boy's face, seeing which one of the attendants put a little flag in his hands. Beckwith could not speak, but he tenderly drew the flag to his lips. There was a convulsive sob or sigh, and when they looked in his eyes again they saw that he had passed away, the flag for which he had fought pressed caressingly to his face.

Do you suppose Lincoln made any mistake when he pardoned that boy?—Chicago Times.

GRANT'S HEART.

One of the Occasions When He Showed His Humanity.

After Gen. Grant had conquered Vicksburg, weary and worn with fatigue of body and mind, he fixed himself in tolerably comfortable quarters and prepared to enjoy the rest and quiet he so much needed and had so richly earned. Not forgetting his tired and faithful army, he issued an order furloughing for thirty days a certain number of men daily from each regiment, until all had had an opportunity to visit their homes.

How the weary were refreshed; how the disheartened took fresh courage; how the sick toiled to feel well—what a scene. Everything that was available as material to write upon was pressed into service. The whole army were writing the joyful news home that they were coming, they did not know exactly when, but when their turns came. Go where you would there were two words to be heard: "Grant!" "Home!"

But, as an old adage has it: "Easy talking, but hard doing." The cormorants north had also heard the news, and everything in the shape of a boat that could keep water out, and many that could not, were set afloat down the Mississippi. Here was a fine chance to make money; over thirty thousand men to be taken up the river and brought down again. Thirty, forty, fifty and even sixty dollars was the fare to be charged from Vicksburg to Cairo. So far as possible the boats were lined along the levee; many boats had the prices posted on the pilot-houses to prevent the clerks from being constantly annoyed by the momentous question: "How much?"

What a prospect for the poor soldiers who swarmed the levee all ready and waiting. They had periled life and health for thirteen dollars per month to open the same river, and now it would take the greater part of what they had earned to pass up that same stream, pass a few days with loved friends and return to duty.

With tearful eyes and breaking hearts hundreds turned their faces towards camp, preferring to send the little money they had to the needy ones at home and deny themselves their greatest earthly pleasure.

Nothing, however, but their thorough discipline and great respect for their commander prevented them from seizing every boat and going home on their own terms.

Logan, the impetuous, strode the levee, furiously indignant, wishing he might be ordered to take his division, clear the way and take possession of the boats.

Gen. Grant, with ears and eyes open, made no response, seemingly perfectly indifferent to the state of affairs. Two days after, the following orders were issued from his headquarters:

"All soldiers traveling on furlough on boats shall not be charged over three cents per mile; officers on leave of absence, four cents per mile; all boats to furnish facilities for soldiers to cook their rations, and no more than fifty cents to be charged for meals at the regular table. All boats refusing to comply with the above orders, or re-



LOGAN STRODE THE LEVEE.

fusing to transport soldiers, will not be permitted to enter the army lines."

Then, indeed, went up a shout of joy. They should get home, have warm meals on the way, and have money in their pockets when they got there.

Boys, will you ever forget that time? Mothers, wives and daughters, will you ever forget it?

Gen. Grant himself had scarcely settled to rest when the cry rang through the land that Grant must go to Richmond or all would be lost. All the officers of his staff and his family also thought it hardly fair; but he, soldier-like, without a murmur and with as little delay as possible, prepared for the great movement, and telegraphs flashed over the country that Grant was on the way to take command of the Army of the Potomac. Who that loved their country did not breathe easier and sleep better, and who that did not but carried a heavy heart? In him was all our hope. Who like him, amid all the pressure upon him, ceased not to recognize his duty as his pleasure, and never failing to consider the personal feelings and comforts of those under him.—Mary S. Gist, in National Tribune.

A Souvenir.

A.—I am in a dreadful fix. Do please, lend me ten marks.

B.—But you have got a diamond ring; why don't you pawn it?

A.—I cannot find it in my heart to do so; the ring is a memento of my deceased aunt.

B.—Really? Well, then, my money is a memento of my deceased father.—Der Bar.

NO SURPRISE, SANGRADO.

"The fact is," said Secretary Smith, "the financial trouble has been due to imaginary rather than real troubles. I do not think the excitement is the result of any want of resources or money in our country. Investments have simply stopped, and money has been hoarded because of alarm felt on account of the fear that the heavy purchases of silver bullion by the Government to comply with the requirements of the Sherman Act might place gold at a premium and bring us to a silver standard."

Investments have simply stopped Mr Smith Confidence in you and your friend Cleveland's Administration has no existence. $1,000,000,000 would not repay the country for what has been lost by the people of American within the last four months. Because there is no confidence in Grover Cleveland's Conglomerate Cabinet. The Sherman Silver Bill is made scapegoat for the ruin occasioned by the fact that Cleveland and his crowd are neither entitled to nor possess the confidence of the commercial world in America. The Nation cannot feel safe when the Administration is neither Intelligent, Patriotic, Sincere nor Grateful. Any Administration which signals its assumption of the control of the Federal Government by a pointed, determined, revengeful attack upon the patriotic mens who by their blood purchased a continuation of National unity and existence, and when now old and few are easy victims of those who hate them and the cause they upheld so well, can never expect to acquire or hold the confidence of the American people. The $1,000,000,000 lost to the people of the country within four months would have been sufficient to pay all pensioners for half a score of years.

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We have cured cases of long standing and much suffering, when pronounced by old physicians as incurable. When you feel discouraged from having tried all so-called cures, which have given any relief, much less a cure, then place yourself on the safe side, stating what you will give for a Permanent Cure, depositing same, and we will furnish you a Safe and Sure Cure, or make no charge. Boyd's Ointment will cure Eczema, Granulated Eyelids, Salt Rheum Ring Worm, Tetter, Scald Head, Barber's Itch, Soft Corns, Erysipelas, Pimples, Burning Itching Piles, and all cutaneous eruptions.

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The reader will reatly oblige us by sending name and address of any who are troubled with skin diseases. Address

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TIN PLATE NEWS.

We have received the following letter from N. G. Taylor & Co., Tin Plate manufacturers which we think may be of some interest to our readers:

The Editor of the "REPUBLICAN,"
Bellefonte, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—

We are in receipt of a clipping taken from your issue of the 30th, and thank you for the very prominent manner in which you have placed us before your readers in connection with the manufacture of American Tinplate. If other newspaper publishers would take the trouble to investigate this important industry and publish the truth about it, instead of condemning it in bombastic articles, simply with a view of gaining political notoriety, the result would be of great benefit to the country, as their readers would gain a more intelligent idea of what the article really is.

We are satisfied that it is generally ignorance of what Tinplate is, combined with the agitation of the subject by politicians that causes it often to stand in its own light. It is acknowledged that it can be made in this country of as fine quality in every respect as can be made in Great Britian; the only difference in the cost is the item of wages, and we sincerely hope that the day will never come when America will reduce her wages to the standard of Great Britain.

Very truly yours,
N. G. TAYLOR & Co.

OFF THEY GO.

Thirty-one veterans, now inmates of the Leavenworth Soldiers Home, have already been notified that their pensions have suspended, and ex-Senator Ingalls stated in his speech at Hutchinson last week that the number of suspensions in Kansas exceeded 1,100. These men all made the necessary proof to entitle them to the small amount of money the government paid them, and yet a rebel secretary of the interior peremptorily struck their names from the list and requires them to furnish still more evidence. It is an outrage.

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Will completely destroy the desire for TOBACCO in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly harmless; cause no sickness, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop smoking or chewing in a few days.

DRUNKENNESS and MORPHINE HABIT can be cured at home, and without any effort on the part of the patient, by the use of our SPECIAL FORMULA GOLD CURE TABLETS.

During treatment patients are allowed the free use of Liquor or Morphine until such time as they shall voluntarily give them up.

We send particulars and pamphlet of testimonials free, and shall be glad to place sufferers from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.

HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all FIRST-CLASS druggists at $1.00 per package.

If your druggist does not keep them, enclose us $1.00 and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our Tablets.

Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing any of the various nostrums that are being offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S TABLETS and take no other.

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A FEW Testimonials from persons who have been cured by the use of **Hill's Tablets.**

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:
DEAR SIR:—I have been using your cure for tobacco habit, and found it would do what you claim for it. I used ten cents worth of the strongest chewing tobacco a day, and from one to five cigars; or I would smoke from ten to forty pipes of tobacco. Have chewed and smoked for twenty-five years, and two packages of your Tablets cured me so I have no desire for it.
B. M. JAYLORD, Leslie, Mich.

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent for $1.00 worth of your Tablets for Tobacco Habit. I received them all right and, although I was both a heavy smoker and chewer, they did the work in less than three days. I am cured.
Truly yours, MATHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 65.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of liquor, and through a friend, I was led to try your Tablets. He was a heavy and constant drinker, but after using your Tablets but three days he quit drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited four month before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Yours truly,
MRS. ELLEN MORRISON.

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Allays Pain and Inflamation,
Heals the Sores
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OUR FIRST TIFF.

An Unexplained Letter That Caused Many Unhappy Days.

To be sure, it was the most absurd thing in the world, my going into ecstasies over that stuffy little flat where Ted and I first went to housekeeping; but taking into consideration my former life it is not to be wondered at.

An orphan, dependent upon an aged aunt who had begrudged me the very bite I ate, I was determined to make my way in the world, coming to the great city of New York to eke out a scanty subsistence as a teacher of music. A cheerless furnished room with meals in a third-class restaurant to a girl scarcely out of her teens, this mode of living possessed but little romance or poetry.

I must tell you how I met Ted. One of my pupils requested as a special favor, that I drop into B——'s on my way homeward, and match some velvet. I remember the color, a peculiar shade of green, and how extremely polite the salesman was. You see it was Ted. He had fallen in love at first sight, he told me afterward, and asked me if I did not think it stupid of him when I asked for green that he should have shown me crushed strawberry. But then, people in love make just such mistakes.

"This piece," he said, holding up the folds of rich velvet, "is the nearest we have."

I took my glove off in order to be better able to judge the quality. In comparing the sample our hands touched; I raised my eyes to meet a pair of honest brown ones gazing down with unfeigned admiration.

My success as a shopper led to my pupil's frequently requesting me to step into B——'s. In this way Ted and I had an opportunity to become acquainted. An attachment sprung up between us that soon ripened into love. He asked me to become his wife in straightforward, honest fashion, telling me of his ambitions for the future. He had little to offer but his love. What more could I ask? I told him "Yes."

My worldly possessions comprised one trunk, which I carefully packed and sent to my future home. Nothing now remained but to inform my "sourvisaged landlady that I was going, receiving in reply the shortest and curtest of; "Very well, miss; suit yourself." We were married quietly in the dlittle parsonage across the street, one bright morning, with the sunlight falling athwart my dress of plain serge, devoid of all ornamentation save a bunch of flowers—a gift from the groom. Ted's income would not permit us to indulge in the luxuries of a bridal tour. We went directly to our new home. How bright it was in comparison to that dingy furnished room. What a bright little kitchen, with a wonderful wood box of Ted's own invention, so arranged with gay chintz that it served as a settee as well.

"Both useful and ornamental, like you, my little wife," said my husband, stooping to kiss me fondly.

A bright fire burned in the sitting-room, as it was still cold weather, Ted having made arrangements with the janitress to have everything in readiness for my homecoming, even to the great willow rocker drawn close to the fire, and the canary that seemed to pour forth a song of welcome.

To a girl accustomed to the luxuries of a home, who left it with a mother's kiss, a father's blessing, Ted's humble efforts would be as nought. The walls might prove cramped and mean, the stairway a trifle dark and steep; but to me, coming from that cheerless lodging house, it was all sunshine, and, throwing my arms about Ted's neck, I wept for very joy.

We had been married one year. Ted had received promotion. We still lived in the little flat in Harlem. Perhaps in a year or two we could afford better quarters; as yet we must be content.

The holidays were approaching. I remember I was embroidering a pair of slippers for Ted, and I had such difficulty to keep them out of sight. I wanted to suprise him. A gift loses one-half its charm when the one for whom it is intended runs across it in a state of incompleteness. My gift should share no such fate. I would hide his old slippers on Christmas morning. On searching he would find the new ones, on which each rose and leaf was woven with love and fond memories.

The shrill whistle of the postman interrupted my reveries. I was not interested in his coming, as we were not overburdened with mail matter. There was only one letter for Ted. How very beautifully it was written! "Mr. Edward Boggs." What character in that "E," what grace in the downward stroke of the "M," and yet it was a woman's handwriting.

"How strange!" I exclaimed, turning it over as if I would read its contents through the envelope. "Ted has no female relatives; from whom then can it be? Of course," I reasoned, placing it upon the little sideboard, "he will tell me all about it when he comes home."

Through the livelong day I found myself thinking of the letter. Before my eyes would appear that delicately penned address: "Mr. Edward Boggs." What a long day, to be sure, and how gladly I listened to Ted's footsteps in the hallway. Placing the letter on his plate, I secreted myself behind the door in just such a position that I could note every changing expression of his face, the light falling upon it.

"Rita! Rita!" he called, not finding me in my accustomed place.

Receiving no answer, he seated himself in his easy chair and began to read his evening paper, when his eyes rested on the letter. He tore it hastily open, while his face beamed with pleasure as he perused its contents. When finished, glancing searchingly around, he tore the missive to atoms and flung it away. I stepped from my hiding place to meet my husband's look of displeasure as he said:

"I do wish, Rita, you would not be so childish as to indulge in a game of hide and seek! Did you hear me call you?" he added.

We ate our meal in silence. One little cloud had come across what had hitherto been a cloudless sky.

"I'm going out on business," said my husband, kissing me rather coldly, I thought. What business, I reasoned, could call him away from home? The letter lay at my feet in fragments. Would I place them together and ascertain its contents? No; my honor forbade me to do that. One little scrap arrested my attention. It was the signature, and it read: "Elsie Grey."

Who was the woman who dared to write to my husband—my Ted? Perhaps some designing woman was tempting him from his wife and home. He could have married better perhaps later on in life. Without a wife he might be better able to "rise" in the world; and I thought and argued with myself, poor, foolish little woman that I was, that I was but a mill-stone dragging him down.

The days and weeks lengthened. Another letter came from Elsie Grey. I asked for no explanation; I received none; but the gulf was growing wider and wider. I never went to meet Ted in the hallway as in former days, and once, when he bent to kiss me I turned my face away.

I made a confidante of my neighbor in the flat below, a noisy, talkative woman, who came nigh destroying my domestic happiness for life.

"Mark you," she said, holding up a warning finger, "that letter has come for no good. Take my advice, and if he don't stop his capers pack up and go home. Yes, leave him," she cried with animation. "You might as well now as later."

Home! I looked at her in surprise as I answered, sadly:

"I have none."

"Poor child!" she said pityingly. "If you only had a brother to give him a good horse whipping."

The idea of anyone thrashing my handsome, manly Ted appeared so touching that I burst into tears, whereupon my listener proclaimed me at once to be "just the style of woman to be imposed upon," in fact a little simpleton. She even suggested that in the absence of home and brother there was nothing left but a desperate flirtation to bring him to terms.

Looking back I had one thing to thank my not over-generous relative for; that she had brought me up in the fear of God, and the evil counsel of my neighbor failed to lure me from the path of duty.

The day before Christmas; the ground covered with a deep coat of snow. Far up in my little flat I could hear the faint jingling of sleighbells in the street below. The few little sparrows that ventured up so high stood picking the crumbs from the window ledge. What comfort I found in these little brown birds. I told them all my trials. They proved better confidants than my garrulous neighbor below. They seemed to listen with little heads turned thoughtfully one side, lingering but a moment, then flying home to their nest, that I knew was far happier than mine.

We had a quarrel that morning, Ted and I. It was our first tiff. All through the breakfast we sat in silence. When he stooped to kiss me, a lurking demon must have been aroused, as I exclaimed fiercely:

"Do not dare to kiss me! Go and kiss that other woman!"

He said not a word; only looking reproachfully at me, he left the house to go to that great, busy, bustling store, to put up with many trials and annoyances with no word of comfort.

"Suppose," I thought, "that something dreadful should happen to Ted. Could I ever forgive myself for my anger? Surely I might have asked for an explanation. If he refused, then I would be justified in my conduct."

I was startled from my meditations by a violent ringing of the doorbell.

"A dispatch," thought I. "I have driven him to something desperate."

What a relief to meet a burly expressman carrying up a large, square parcel addressed to Mrs. Boggs.

With trembling fingers I untied the wrappings to find an exquisitely framed crayon portrait of Ted. The smiling, handsome face seemed to gaze reproachfully at me as I read through fast falling tears: "To my dear little wife. A merry, merry Christmas." The name of the artist arrested my attention. I read with amazement the name of "Elsie Grey."

It came upon me like a flash. Ted had had his portrait taken as a Christmas gift. The letters received were from the little artist. To explain was to spoil the little secret.

I burst into tears of joy and repentance. When Ted came home I ran to greet him.

"Forgive me, dear love, for doubting you," I murmured

He silenced me with a kiss.

Three years have passed. Ted has risen from floor-walker to foreign buyer at a fine salary. We live in another flat lower down, with more light, room and air. The neighborhood is more aristocratic. We keep a hired girl. We are very, very happy, with not one cloud to mar our domestic peace. We have a baby girl, and I've called her Elsie Grey Boggs to remind me of my foolish doubts, and our "first tiff."
—Woman's Home Journal.

MRS. LEASE SPEAKS AT THE FARMERS' ENCAMPMENT.

She Would Drive the Money Changers Out of the Temple of Liberty.

The attendance at the National encampment of the Farmers' Alliance last week is estimated at about thirty thousand. On Wednesday two thousand people assembled to hear Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, make her first address to a Pennsylvania audience.

Mrs. Lease said:

"The people of Kansas will never give up their fight for human rights and human liberty until we have in deed, and in truth, a government of the people, for the people and by the people. Not only are the people of Kansas, but the people of the entire country, in the midst of the most tremendous social and political revolution that ever swept over the nation. The tendency of the times is toward revolution; the fires of discontent have been kindled all over this land and we are now living in thought, and there never was a time when the people investigated political and social problems so deeply as now.

How We Suffer.

"When a few men in Boston can cause the suspension of twenty-one banks in a day; when a United States senator can press the button and raise the price of oil 50 per cent; when the Jews of Berlin and Lombard street can control the money of America it is time to call a halt all along the line. Such crimes have brought about a revolution, as much religious as political.

The ministers of the Gospel should be interested in this revolution for the cause of Jesus Christ and humanity. The minister who cannot discuss the politics of his party in the pulpit had better put his filthy politics aside, they are not fit for the religion of Jesus Christ. The time has come when politics must be discussed from the pulpit. For more than twenty-five years the people of this country have been sending men to the councils of the United States who are corrupted and by the rule of such men the people have been robbed of nearly all their blood-bought liberties and privileges. Our broad tracts, our forests, mines, everything necessary for the human race are controlled by heartless combines.

And They've Got It.

"Do you wonder people are moving for a change? You have voted for the Democratic and Republican parties year after year until you have voted poverty to your homes and slavery and degradation to the people. It is impossible to point out a line of law that has been passed solely for the benefit of the people. A lot of women in congress the past twenty-five years could not have made a worse muddle than the men have. How thankful I am that the women have not been voting the past twenty-five years. We would have been held responsible by the men; but we are going to help you out.

"This is the woman's day or age. The mother's voice is needed in the political arena to appeal for the prosperity and protection of her children. Politics enters and robs the home, and women should ask men in behalf of homes and firesides to throw aside their political collars, meaning the brand of their masters, and stand erect for their blood-bought victories and save our homes, which are being taken away from us by the most infamous system of mortgages. Is there any need for women in politics? Why should they stand idly by while destitution and grim famine are stealing across the land? We have been robbed by class legislation and to-day they are trying to fasten the gold system of England on us.

Poor Gresham.

To-day there is no difference between the Wall street Democrat and the Wall street Republican. What Cleveland and Carlisle demand Sherman and Cabot Lodge demand. One of the first acts of Cleveland after his election to the presidency was to reach over to the plutocratic Republican party and pull over plutocratic Walter Q. Gresham and place him in his plutocratic cabinet. The Wall street Democrats and Republicans stand hand in hand and both want the Sherman law repealed. One trouble is that we are suffering from a money famine, and we need not expect relief from the present administration. The Democratic party has been an obstacle to every advancement and every progressive measure; it lives solely to reap the spoils of office. The great unspeakable crime of the nation is the demonetization of silver and both parties are silent about this robbery.

The farmers have been compelled to organize in behalf of their home against the most gigantic and systematic organization the world has ever known. There is no difference between famine and plenty when a privileged class is allowed to regulate prices and control labor. Blinded by our dazzling progress we have closed our eyes and have been deaf to the lessons of history.

This country has been blessed with fertile prairies and the richest of God's blessed soil, and the condition of our farmers should be the happiest and most joyful. This rich, blessed soil of ours should make them prosperous and contented. On the broad fields of Kansas we raise hemp enough to hang every enemy to free silver and every traitor to the nation. Under the present financial system we never can hope to lift the burden of debt that has been heaped upon the people of America. The rich are growing richer and the poor growing poorer.

"This is no longer the land of the free and the home of the brave, but the land of the rich and the home of the slave; and I appeal to you to wake before the chains of the money power are riveted on your limbs. It is not the Democratic party or the Republican party that is responsible; it is the money power of the old world that controls the two parties of the new world.

"So let us arouse ourselves from our partisan lethargy and resolve that these questions must be settled peaceably or otherwise. If you men are not willing to settle these problems peaceably and without blood-shed we ask you to remain at home and mind the baby and knit the stockings; we can settle every problem that confronts this nation by means of that bloodless weapon—the ballot.

"Never but once did our Father in heaven resort to violence and then it was on the money lenders in the temple. Let us by peaceful or other methods drive the money changers from our temple of American liberty. We need the preachers' assistance in this matter; they have been teaching us how to die for many years. Now let them teach us how to live and we will die without any trouble. The time has come when we should have less of the churchianity of man and more of the christianity of Christ."

HOW WE GROW OLD.

The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed ere the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew failing strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be created and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced or are cognizant—including many physicians of eminence—of the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, bear testimony to its wondrous efficacy as a creator of strength in feeble constitutions, and debilitated and shattered systems. A steady performance of the bodily functions renewed appetite, flesh and nightly repose attend the use of this thorough and standard renovant. Use no local tonic represented to be akin to or resemble it in effects in its place. Demand the genuine, which is an acknowledged remedy for indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism.

GAINED AN INJUNCTION.

In the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division Royal Courts of Justice, Saturday, Aug. 5th, 1893. Before Mr. Justice Romer. The Carter Medicine Co., vs. Knight.

A Pharmaceutical Chemist at Bath, Somersetshire, England, named Joseph Knight, has had an injunction made against him restraining him from selling any "Little Liver Pills" not made by them. The evidence adduced, satisfied the Judge that in one case he had endeavored to pass off as Carter's, pills he had bought from a London wholesale house.
—*The Chemist and Druggist, London, Eng.*

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo O
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

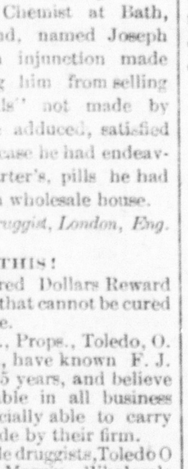
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

It never falls to cure—MANNERS double extract SARSAPARILLA. 50c. everywhere

The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.

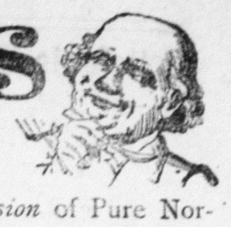


Physicians generally fail to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the organ itself instead of the cause of the trouble. The noted specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., has given the greater part of his life to the study of this subject, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his efforts.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, the unrivaled brain and nerve food, is prepared on the principle that all nervous and many other difficulties originate from disorders of the nerve centers. Its wonderful success in curing these disorders is testified to by thousands in every part of the land.

Restorative Nervine cures sleeplessness, nervous prostration, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs. It is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid.

It Tastes Good



One reason why *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is "Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion **cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF
SAPOLIO

LECTURE IN THE SOUTH.

Instead of General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, delivering a lecture in the North upon the characters of Generals Grant and Lee, we believe that he could better utilize his time by delivering lectures in the South upon the character and services of Grant and his soldiers in the arduous task of suppressing rebellion and preserving the Union. The people of the North know that General Lee was a brave and able soldier, and none know it better than the old Army of the Potomac. But many people of the South fail to appreciate the great debt of gratitude due General Grant and his armies for restoring peace, prosperity and union to the country. Not only has the North, East and West been recipients of the benefit conferred, but the South has enjoyed her most prosperous period, even though reluctantly forced into enjoying the same.

Under the ridiculous ruling of Hon. Hoke Sangrado, a veteran, who had lost his eyesight as the result of exposure during the war, though totally blind would not be entitled to a pension by virtue of the Act of Congress concerning disabilities, if he could be led by a dog to the corner of a street to sell matches, that is labor (so says Sangrado), and he is not entitled to a pension. "A very Daniel," is Smith of Georgia. Think of his wisdom, good citizens.

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V28 N27 tf

Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the superyisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

McCALMONT & CO.

Wm Shortlidge, } Business
Robt. McCalmont, } Managers. 21-23-6m

WHITES - - - -

Canada Thistle - - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

SAMUEL WHITE.
24-23-3m

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.
Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellef Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
ap15-1y

Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 251 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
23 48 tf WILLIAM McCLELLAN.

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.—I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.
CHARLES McCLELLAN.
10-1f.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.
DR. SANFORD'S
LIVER
INVIGORATOR
Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.
YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

"3000 PARCELS OF MAIL" FREE



FOR 10 1-CENT STAMPS (regular price 25c.) your address if received within 30 days will be for 1 year boldly printed on gummed labels. Only Directory guaranteeing 125,000 customers; from publishers and manufacturers you'll receive, probably, thousands of valuable books, papers, samples, magazines, etc. All free and each parcel with one of your printed address labels pasted thereon. EXTRA! We will also print and prepay postage on 50 of your label addresses to you; which stick on your envelopes, books, etc., to prevent their being lost. J. A. Ware, of Reidsville, N. C., writes: "From my 25 cent address in your Lightning Directory I've received my 50 address labels and over 3000 Parcels of Mail. My addresses you scattered among publishers and manufacturers, are arriving daily, on valuable parcels of mail from all parts of the World."

WORLD'S FAIR DIRECTORY CO.,
No. 113 Girard & Frankford Avenues,
21-27-6m Philadelphia, Pa.

Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—The regular session of the August term of court commenced last Monday.

—Charles Kurtz, editor of the *Centre Democrat*, started for the World's Fair last week,

—Madeline Merli in "The Story of a Kiss," in the opera house next Monday night.

—Miss Anna Showalter, of Brookville, Pa., is the guest of Miss Mame Sourbeck, on Bishop street.

—Dr. Thomas R. Hayes and wife have gone to Atlantic City to enjoy the cool ocean breezes for a few weeks.

—L. C. Bullock & Bro., of Milesburg, have built a large market wagon for Hoover Bros., of Snow Shoe Intersection.

—The favor with which Madeline Merli was received in this place last season will insure her a full house next Monday night.

—September 8th is the last day you can register. If you want to vote this fall attend to the matter before September 8th.

—McCalmont & Co., have purchased a set of new scales for their coal yard. The scales were manufactured by the Standard Scale Company, of Bellefonte.

—The A. M. E. congregation and Sunday school picniced at Hunter's Park last Thursday. There was a large crowd in attendance and all had a good time.

—The Christian Endeavor society of Milesburg, held a moonlight picnic in Green's Grove, near that town, last Tuesday. Several young ladies and gentlemen from Bellefonte were present. They report having had a very pleasant time.

—Rev. David Shoemaker, lately of Sloysburg, Bedford county, died last Saturday evening, and his remains were taken to Aaronsburg, this county, for interment. He was a minister of the Reformed church and at one time was stationed at Jacksonville, this county.

—A man called Foxie Miller got drunk last week and stirred up quite a disturbance in the brick row in Spring township, just over the line on the north of the borough. Officer William Garris went out and got him and lodged him in jail to await trial at court this week.

—A few friends gathered at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Reeder, on Allegheny street, last Wednesday evening, in honor of their guest, Miss Mamie Jackson. Dainty refreshments were served and the time was pleasantly passed with dancing and other amusements.

—A number of young ladies and gentlemen who were here to attend the Reynolds—Hoy wedding last Thursday had a dance in Bush's Hall after the wedded couple had started on their journey. Having just come from the wedding they were all fixed for that kind of sport was a a very pleasant affair.

—Harry Jenkins and family will soon move into the Bush Arcade, second floor, over the Eureka grocery store. These rooms were formerly occupied by the Bellefonte social club before they moved into their present convenient quarters. They are beautiful rooms and will make a pleasant and convenient home for Harry.

—Last Wednesday the Lutherans of Bellefonte picniced at Hunter's Park. It is said to have been the largest gathering of the kind this church and Sunday school ever had. They will dedicate their new church building on the corner of Linn and Allegheny streets next Sunday, Sept. 3. This is one of the handsomest temples of worship in the county.

—The democrats of Clinton county have placed the following ticket in the field; For Prothonotary, J. Kline Heckman; Treasurer, James A. Wensel; Commissioners, J. P. Roach and J. S. Bailey; for Auditors, M. A. Rishel and S. B. Walker; Coroner, J. S. McGinness. W. H. Moyer was chosen by the convention as county chairman for the ensuing year.

—Edward C. Humes, president of the First National Bank, was 83 years old last Friday. He is at his place of business every day and is as bright and sharp as ever. He bids fair to enjoy many years yet of active business life and usefulness. The event was celebrated at his home, on the corner of Howard and Allegheny streets, by a birthday dinner party.

—Al Irvin was ordered to stand and deliver by a desperado who sought to enforce his demands at the muzzle of a revolver, as he was passing through the narrows between Howard and Jacksonville a few days ago. Mr. Irvin waited until the thief got near to him when quick as lightning he struck him in the face felling him to the ground. Mr. Irvin than jumped into his buggy and escaped.

—The directors of the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. held a meeting last Wednesday and decided to give a call to some good man to take the position of Secretary of the Association. The State secretary recommended F. H. Cota, of Long Branch, N. J. J. C. Weaver has been writing to him and thinks he is just the man they want. Mr. Miller was authorized to write to him and get the lowest figure at which his services can be secured.

COURT IN SESSION.

The Centre county court convened in regular session for the August term last Monday morning. Squire Haines, of Snow Shoe, was appointed by the court as foreman of the grand jury.

The following resolutions of respect to the memory of the late James H. Rankin, a member of the bar, were presented when court adjourned until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The committee appointed at a meeting of the members of the bar of Centre county, held July 24, 1893, to take suitable action respecting the death of James H. Rankin, Esq., a member of the bar, respectfully report the following minutes and resolutions:

James H. Rankin, Esq., was born in Bellefonte March 3, 1819, and died in the borough of his birth July 22, 1893. His family was among the earliest settlers of Penns Valley. His grandfather, William Rankin, was the sheriff of Centre county in 1803, and his father, John Rankin, became sheriff of Centre county, in 1812, and held the office of prothonotary by two appointments, in 1818 and 1824, for the term of nine years.

At the time of his death James H. Rankin was the oldest practicing member of the Centre County Bar. His earliest education was acquired at the Bellefonte Academy, and afterwards he graduated at Jefferson College Cannonsburg, Pa. He entered upon the study of law in the office of William H. Potter, in Bellefonte, and was admitted to the bar of Centre county at the January term, 1840.

Mr. Rankin filled the office of district attorney for the country of Centre for three terms, from 1850 to 1859, having been three times successfully elected to that office during that period, and we may say his long active career of fifty-three years was in connection with the legal profession, though interrupted for some years by his duties as an officer of the Internal Revenue Department of the United States. He has spent a life and left a record of unostentatious labor and zealous care for the interests entrusted to him.

Resolved, That in the death of James H. Rankin, Esq., this bar has suffered the loss of a most highly esteemed member, of whose generous and good impulse and fraternal spirit in long intercourse we will ever preserve pleasant recollections.

Resolved, That the Bar will attend his funeral, this afternoon, in a body, and as a testimony of our affectionate respect to his memory the Court, at its next session be requested to direct the foregoing minutes and resolutions to be entered upon the records of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County.

JOHN B. LINN,
CLEMENT. DALE,
ELLIS L ORVIS,
CHAS. P. HEWES,
JOHN BLANCHARD,

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

The first case called was Commonwealth vs. James Swisher, of Huston Township, f. and b. He was pronouced guilty by the jury and the sentence of the court was that he should pay $20 fine, cost of prosecution, $20 expenses, one dollar a week for seven years, if the the child should live so long, and give security to the overseer of Huston township in the sum of five hundred dollars for the faithful performance of this obligation. Following this was the case of Commonwealth vs. Harry Swabb, of Spring township, f. and b. Lizzie Brooks prosecutrix. Plead guilty. The sentence of the court was that he pay twenty five dollars fine, thirty dollars laying in expenses, and $1,50 per week for seven years if the child live so long and furnish security in the sum of $600,00 to the overseer of Spring township for the faithful performance of the decree of the court.

The case of George E. Lamb, of Philipsburg, charged with selling liquors without license was called and a jury placed in the box. Mr. Reeder, attorney for the defence, moved to quash the indictment on the ground that no place or date of legal violation was mentioned. The court sustained the motion and cautioned Mr. Lamb that it was not safe to sell liquors in Centre county without license.

Commonwealth vs. George (Foxie) Miller and John Richards, charged with drunkenness and disordely conduct at the Brick Row, several days ago. Several witnesses were called and the defendant also testified; that the case was decided by the court, without the help of a jury, the sentence was that each one should pay half the cost and enter into his own recognizance in the sum of one hundred dollars to keep the peace with all their neighbors. Mrs. Benjamin Gordon, one of the witnesses, was also required to keep the peace for the period of one year.

Commonwealth vs. T. Vargas, an Austrian. The prisoner was found on the streets of Bellefonte by officer Garris, who was of the opinion that he was of unsound mind. Verdict of jury not guilty, and County to pay the cost, The evidence disclosed that this person had troubled other places in the same way and that he had been moved along from place to place by the authorities and that he was probably shipped to Bellefonte by some enterprising officers of other places to get rid of him. It is very likely the powers that be here will pass him along to annoy some other place. Whether this is right or not is a question. To a humanitarian, it seems like a very mean business for gentlemen to be engaged in, but then, perhaps, county officials are not often gentlemen in the true meaning of that title.

TUESDAY MORNING.

The entire time was taken up with the trespass case of Dartt vs. Schreyer. This case grew out of a quarrel between Dr. R. L. Dartt, with his tenant, Harry Schreyer. They lived next door neighbors, on Allegheny street and occupied the stable in the rear of the lot. Dartt became dissatisfied with the way Schreyer made free with water on his side and boarded the hydrant up to keep him away from it. Schreyer tore the obstruction away several times to get water for his horse. James E. Barry, a young lad, worked for Schreyer and on day of the trouble Dartt laid in wait to catch the trespasser. Barry went to put the horse away and as usual removed the obstruction to get at the water for his horse. Dartt attacked the boy and choked him and dragged him over to his part of the stable. Pitch forks were used and quite a lively melee was the result, terminating in a suit for trespass by Dartt against Schreyer and a cross suit for assault by Schreyer and his employee, Barry, against Dartt. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty in the trespass suit and the costs were decided between the litigants. The case for assault was tried in the afternoon.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The afternoon was entirely taken up with the case of commonwealth against R. L. Dartt for assault. Verdict, not guilty but defendant to pay three fourths of the costs and prosecutor one fourth.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Commonwealth vs. William Walker, for catching trout out of season. Mr. Walker catches fish to sell, making most of his living in this way. In putting out outlines for eels he caught trout and allowed them to die. He was caught in the act and taken to court for trial. John Kline, Esq., was attorney for Walker, and did all that could be done to keep him out of his trouble but the jury rendered a verdict of guilty. The court deferred sentence until November court, holding defendent in $100 bail.

The next case was Commonwealth vs. Westly Straw, for shooting a dog belonging to Mrs. Brown. The dog had strayed away and been lost for five days when it was shot by Straw. Not guilty, county pay the cost.

Commonwealth vs. William Long, for larceny. Found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $1, cost, and one year and nine months in the penitentiary.

Commonwealth vs. George Cathcart, case dismissed and prosecutor to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Robert Watkins, charged with keeping a disorderly house in Howard township. Found guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25, costs and imprisonment in the county jail nine months.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. John Wahn, the grand jury returned a true bill and the trial is now in progress.

All of the civil cases down for trial this week have been settled but one, and it was continued.

—The Valentine Furnace shut down last Wednesday. The mines shut down several weeks ago. This throws about 1000 men out of employment. The furnace and mines will start up again as soon as there is any prospect of such an improvement in the times as will warrant it. The closing of this industry takes thirty thousand dollars a month out of the pockets of men in and around Bellefonte who labor, besides they used coal, limestone and other products of Centre county industries. It is to be hoped that this stagnation may not last long. Many of the men have been provided with work in other places through the influence of the Valentine firm. They are kind men and always do all they can to take care of the interest of their employees. The new railroad will be done in about a month, by that time these works may start up again. If Cleveland would only say that the tariff would not be disturbed during his term and that he would veto any bill of that kind, these works would start up the next day; but Cleveland thinks more of fishing at Buzzard's bay with plenty of "snake bite" in his pocket than he does of the interest of the country.

—The pews for the new Lutheran church arrived last week and were placed in the church, but upon examination they were condemned by the committee, not being made according to contract, which called for pews made of antique oak, quite dark, while these were plain oak, quite light. They were therefore shipped back to the factory. The dedication of the church is to be next Sunday, September 3. Of course chairs will have to be substituted on that occasion in place of the pews. The company will make seats accordng to orders and forward them with as little delay as possible.

—Parties wishing to attend the Veterans Picnic at Hunters Park September 2, living along the line of the Pennsylvania R. R. or its branches can purchase round trip tickets for half fare for the round trip. A special train is being arranged from Lewisburg to Bellefonte and return. Reduced rates will also be given over the Bellefonte Central from Bellefonte to the Park and return. This will be one of the most interesting gathering of the old soldiers that has been held for years, able speakers will be present and fine music and plenty of it all should attend.

—In conversation with a celebrated actor last July Miss Merli made the remark, that there are certain scenes in her new play by Emile Zola that she intended to play as the author had written them. I would hardly do that, was the reply, except in the large cities, as they are not used to that style of work and it won't be appreciated. Miss Merli thought differently and so we will see the work in its entirety next Monday evening in Garman's Opera house.

REYNOLDS-HOY WEDDING.

Last Thursday evening William Frederick Reynolds, Bellefonte's young millionaire, was united in marriage to Miss Louisa L. Hoy, daughter of the late Judge Adam Hoy. The ceremony was performed in the Presbyterian church, of which the bride is a member, by Rev. Beach, of Camden, N. J., a cousin of Miss Hoy. It was half-past six when the doors were opened and a large crowd poured into the church. Mr. George Brandon, of Spangler, had been engaged to preside at the big organ and as the ushers were seating the guests he filled the temple with delightful music. The interior of the edifice was beautifully decorated with flowers—palms, fern, vines, bride roses, etc. At seven o'clock the organ pealed out the Lohengrin wedding march. As the bridal party began to move from the northeast tower the audience arose to its feet. The groom and John Blanchard, Esq., the best man, walked down the south aisle and took their positions to the right on the platform. The procession up the north aisle was led by the following ushers; James Duffy, of Mariett; Elliot Lane, of Camden, N. J.; Beverly Potter, Thomas Morris, Joseph Montgomery, Albert Hoy, of Bellefonte; John Sommerville, of Winburne and Thomas Orbison, of New York. These were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Mary Hoy, sister of the bride.

Following came the bride leaning on the arm of her uncle, James L. Sommerville, of Winburne, Clearfield county. She wore a gown of white silk crepe, that was made with empire sleeves of white satin, a long princess train and a bertha of Duchesse lace. Her tulle veil was fastened with sprays of orange blossoms and she carried in her hand a prayer book bound in pure white ivory. At the altar she was met by the groom who aided her up the steps. The maid of honor stood to the left of the altar. The ushers took their respective positions on either side of the platform.

The ceremony commenced, the beautiful service of the Episcopal church to which the groom belongs was used. It was interesting and impressive. At its finish the bridal party turned and left the church while the organ pealed forth the beautiful strains of Mendlessohn's wedding march. From the church they went to the home of the bride's mother, then to the beautiful residence of Mr. Reynolds, over which the young wife will now preside as mistress. At eight o'clock they were driven to the depot where an elegant private palace car awaited them. This car is one of the finest on the road. Here they held quite a reception, hundreds of friends were gathered to see the happy couple start on their wedding tour; the car was filled until the moment of starting with ladies and gentlemen showering their congratulations and wishing them a safe journey and a happy trip. The car was attached to the nine o'clock train and soon they were on their way to New York, Montreal, Saratoga and other places of interest. They will be gone about ten days and will occupy this car during their whole journey.

Of course, many beautiful presents were given to the young people. The groom is a nephew of the late William F. Reynolds and his heir; the bride is a daughter of the late Judge Adam Hoy, a native of Bellefonte, and a lady of refinement and culture. There is everything requisite in this union to make one of the happiest marriages ever made. We wish "that they may live long and be happy."

DEATH OF W. W. MOYER, A FORMER MERCHANT OF BELLEFONTE.

Last Monday afternoon the sad news reached Bellefonte that Whitmer W. Moyer was dead and the anxious inquiry was made by hundreds of persons "how did it happen?" We clip the following account of the affair from the Lock Haven *Express* of last Monday evening.

"The dead body of a man was discovered in one of the rooms of the Fallon House. To-day about noon the body was identified as that of a man who had registered on Friday last as "W. W. Moyer, of Altoona." The body was lying upon the bed when found, and an empty vial labeled "laudanum" on a washstand near the bed led to the conclusion that the man had committed suicide. Dr. Hill, a traveling physician who is in town, says the dead man is a son of Dr. W. W. Moyer, of Lemont, near Bellefonte. He had recently been employed as a clerk in Murphy's store at Renovo. Moyer was last seen about 5 p. m. yesterday, and the appearance of the corpse indicated that he had died some time during last night. The man had removed his coat, vest and shoes before lying down upon the bed where he was found.

Alderman J. W. Harris, acting as Coroner, empaneled as a jury to view the body and inquire into the cause of death the following gentlemen: W. H. Clough, J. G. Harris, W. D. Kintzing, S. C. Leiter, J. G. Miller and C. R. Good. The body was removed by undertaker Sloan to his rooms, where the inquest was held.

The body of Moyer had begun to be discolored, indicating that he had been dead eight or ten hours before being discovered.

The evidence before the coroner's jury showed that Moyer was last seen alive at 5 o'clock Sunday evening; that he had told several persons in the forenoon that he contemplated committing suicide, and shortly after 12 o'clock noon he purchased the ounce of laudanum at a drug store.

The jury after hearing the testimony agreed upon a verdict that the deceased came to his death from the effects of an overdose of luadanum.

The father of the deceased was notified of the death of his son, and no disposition will be made of the remains until he is heard from."

The body was brought to Bellefonte on Tuesday morning and the funeral was held in the afternoon of the same day from the residence of Rev. Elliot, on Spring street, where his mother makes her home. Interment at Union cemetery.

Mr. Moyer was but a few years ago one of the merchants of Bellefonte and was burned out in the fire that consumed Hume's block on the site of the present Crider's Exchange. When the block was rebuilt he sold out and removed from the town. For several years before his death he had lived at Altoona, Renovo and other places. He was universally known in Bellefonte and had many friends throughout the county. His father is a physician living at Lemont. His sudden death was quite a shock to this community and much sympathy was expressed for his parents.

DEATH OF JOSEPH PRUNER.

Joseph Pruner, of Bellefonte, died at the Polyclinic Hospital, Philadelphia, last Sunday morning. Mr. Pruner was a native of Bellefonte where he has spent his whole life; he leaves a brother and sister to mourn his loss. He was 55 years old and single. Mr. Ed. Pruner received a dispatch Saturday evening that his brother was dying and started on Sunday morning for Philadelphia. The cause of his death was a severe hemorrhage; he was sick with disease of the lungs and had gone to the hospital about ten days before his death in the hope that he might obtain relief. His sister was Mrs. Sarah Hoffer, widow of the late John Hoffer, one of the most prosperous merchants of Bellefonte during a past decade. The remains were brought to Bellefonte last Tuesday and the funeral was Wednesday at four o'clock. Interment at Union cemetery.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Death has crossed the threshold of two young households in Boggs township, and ruthlessly laid hold on a little girl in each. The first, Ethel, the daughter of Harry and Ida Johnson, aged one year, five months and 3 days, died on August 19, A. D. 1893; and the second, Mary Jane, daughter of John and Mary C. Sliker, died on the 20th of August, A. D. 1893, aged two years, two months and twenty-two days. Cholera infantum caused the death of each. The remains of the former were buried on the 21st and those of the latter on the 22nd, Rev. J. Zeigler officiating. These two bereaved families, who are close neighbors to each other, have our sympathy and condolence in their bereavement, while their little ones are doubtless safely garnered in paradise.—*The Magnet.*

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

William B Miles, one of the leading merchants of Milesburg, has been seriously ill with an abcess for two weeks past.

John C. Miller, of Bellefonte, went to Huntingdon last Friday to attend the funeral of his uncle, John Miller, who was 37 years old and was, in his day, one of the leading citizens of that county.

Miss Ida Gerberich, daughter of C. T. Gerberich, of Thomas street started for the west in the early part of last week. She met at Altoona Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Swartz, of Punxsutawney who will accompany her on her journey. She will visit friends in Iowa, Michigan and other western states, and will spend time enough at the World's Fair to see all there is of that big show.

SPECIAL SCHEDULE FOR THE VETERAN REUNION.

The special schedule over the Bellefonte Central railroad to Hunter's Park on Saturday September 2nd, for the Veteran Reunion will be as follows:

Trains leave Bellefonte for Park at 6.30, 9,30, 10.30 a. m., and 1.45, and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Park for Bellefonte at 8.47 a. m., 4.33, 4, 4.45 and 6.17 p. m.

Trains leave State College for Park at 8.10 a.m., 2.50 and 5.45 p. m.

Leave Park for State College at 6.50 and 10.49 a. m., and 4.56 p. m.

Special train will leave Stormstown at 8,15., returning will leave Park at 5 p. m.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, of Thomas St., widow of Henry Reed, who died about two years ago, an aged lady and one of the oldest persons of the town, died last Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, after a lingering illness. She was about 80 years old. She leaves six children, viz., James, who lives at Washington, D. C., John, William, George, Milton and Mrs. Isaac Thomns. She was a member of the Methodist church, a good, kind neighbor. The funeral was last Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. She was buried in the Friend's graveyard.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BASE BALL BRIEFS.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS IN THE RIVER LEAGUE.

Are we on the tobaggan? Has Bellefonte's team played itself out and from henceforth to suffer only defeat? These and various other questions are heard everywhere on the street, because of the recent defeats met by the club. To all such questions we would answer no. Our team is as good to-day as ever. With proper treatment the boys could win just as easily now as they did three weeks ago. But no team can play an opposing nine, the umpire and a thousand spectators and come off victorious. The games the team lost were not lost in the correct meaning of the word, but they were plain steals by the opposing clubs and their umpires. In truth it looks as if all the other clubs in the league had combined to down Bellefonte, but they will yet find they can't do it. Bellefonte has the winning team, and win the pennant she will. But what dirty ball playing. The diamond is robbed of half its sport and all the glory when a team will resort to such low tricks as Tyrone on Saturday and Bloomsburg on Tuesday did to win their games. And where does the blame lie? Unquestionably in Tyrone. That place will be the bane of any league into which they may ever be taken. With them it is to win by fair means or foul, and boast of it afterwards. But they will yet get a set back before the season closes, and their conduct will hurt themselves more than anyone else. Play ball fair, boys; play to win, of course, but do it manfully, honestly and uprightly, and allow the victory to go to the team that wins, fairly and impartially, without any assistance from the umpire or spectators.

In an exhibition game in this place last Friday Bellefonte suffered its first defeat for a long time at the hands of Tyrone. On Saturday in Tyrone the home club, etcetera, again won a game from the Governors by a score of 10 to 5. On Monday Bellefonte played two exhibition games, one at Shenandoah in the forenoon and at Shamokin in the afternoon, winning both by the score of 10 to 5. Tuesday at Bloomsburg Bellefonte forfeited a game to the home team because of the roasting of the umpire and spectators.

At Williamsport yesterday, after a hard fought game, which was characterized by the superb playing of both teams, Bellefonte won from the Demorests by the score of 2 to 1. Not a kick or a squabble occurred to mar the sport of the game. That is ball playing. Our boys play at Renovo to-day. The River League standing to date:

	WON	LOST	P.C
Bellefonte	14	5	.737
Demorests	9	7	.561
Renovo	8	7	.533
Tyrone	6	10	.375
Bloomsburg	3	7	.300

BROOKVILLE ON SATURDAY.

On Saturday afternoon the Brookville base ball club will be in Bellefonte and engage in an exhibition game with the Governors at Hunter's Park. As Brookville is the leading club in the Monongahela League, the game promises to be an extraordinary good one and should be well attended. Everybody go Saturday afternoon and encourage the home team and association with the largest crowd of the season.

—Go to the Eureka, go! go! go! There you will find you can buy groceries cheap! cheap! cheap! and also good! good! good! You will find the clerks as courteous and polite as they can be! be! be! High St., Bellefonte, Pa., next door to the post-office.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 62
Mixed wheat per bushel	60
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	35
Barley	45
Cloverseed, fair to good	$ 8 40
do prime and extra prime	9.00
do choice	9.60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " " "	12.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 13
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12—15
Canned Corn, per can	12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried Sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	5
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25